

The
TATLER
1916











The Tattler



1916

To
Miss Sara E. Hudson,

In token of our appreciation for her undivided attention to the advancement of art, and the invaluable aid which she has so ungrudgingly given to a long succession of "Tatler Boards" in their Art work, we, the Classes of 1917-1918, respectfully dedicate this twelfth volume of the "Tatler."






19 16

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TATLER



FOREWORD

In dear old Alton High School are found boys and girls, young men and young women, of all creeds and classes, playing, working, fighting side by side. For the four years that we are here a common spirit of play and industry is engendered. And when in years to come we shall again be separated—if then this book can bring back memories of undergraduate days, too fine indeed for paper and ink to catch, which to some are the sweetest, to some the saddest, but to all the dearest days of life—most fittingly will this volume of the “Tatler” have accomplished its mission.



Editor-in-Chief

Arthur Schmoeller

Associates

Carline Goudie

Oscar Schoeffler

Business Manager

Robert Kelsey

Advertising Manager

Ross Sherwood

Circulation Manager

Charles Forbes

Art Editor

Marion Busse

Associates

George Bennes

Cyrus Daniel

Mary Dawson



A Schmaeller



O Schoessler



C Goudie



R Kelvey



C Forbe



R Sherwood



M Burr



C Daniels



G Bennett



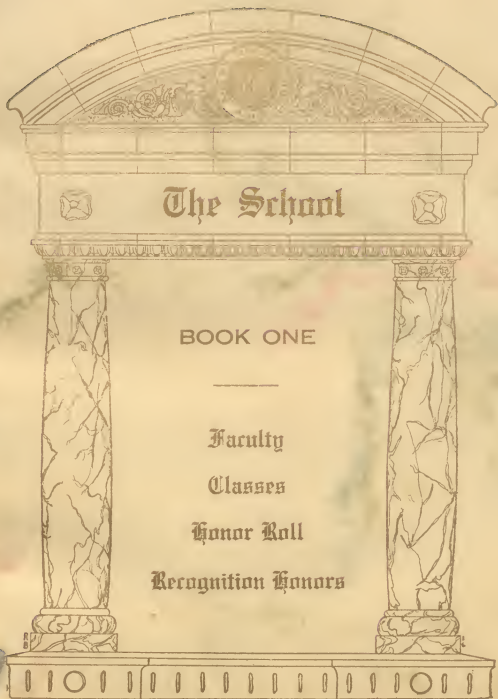
M Dawson



ALTON HIGH SCHOOL.



ASSEMBLY ROOM A. H. S.



The School

BOOK ONE

Faculty

Classes

Honor Roll

Recognition Honors



Faculty

- R. A. HAIGHT, A. B., Pd.D., (Shurtleff College), Superintendent of Alton Public Schools.
- B. C. RICHARDSON, A.M., (Syracuse University), Principal.
English.
- C. A. METZ, Ph.M., (Syracuse University), Assistant Principal.
Geometry.
- BERTHA E. BISHOP, Ph.M., (Chicago University).
German, Latin, Pedagogy.
- M. VINOT CARTWRIGHT, A.B., (Shurtleff College).
English, Latin.
- BERTHA FERGUSON, A.B., (Shurtleff College).
German, English, Latin.
- JUDSON GAMERTSFELDER, A.B., (Northwestern College of Naperville, Ill.)
Boys' Physical Culture.
- MAUDE GILLHAM.
Stenography, Typewriting.
- HANNA A. GUNDERSON, (Bradley Polytechnic).
Domestic Science.
- L. S. HAIGHT, A.B., (Shurtleff College).
History, Astronomy, Civics.
- CLAYTON H. HOUTS, A.B., (Oberlin).
Physics.
- SARA HUDSON.
Drawing.
- GERTRUDE KELSEY, A.B., (Smith).
English.
- J. GENEVIEVE JEPSON, A.B., (McKendree College).
Geometry, Botany, Physiography.
- NANCY L. LOWRY, A.B., (Shurtleff College).
English.
- MARY MAGUIRE.
Music Supervisor.
- HELEN A. NAYLOR, A.B., (University of Illinois).
Latin, Bookkeeping.
- IRA OERTLI, B.S., (Northwestern College of Naperville, Ill.).
Physiology, Chemistry.
- ANNA PECK, A.B., (University of Illinois).
Girls' Physical Culture.
- LAURETTA PAUL, A.B., (Shurtleff College).
History, English, Physiography.
- CARRIE G. RICH (Illinois State Normal).
Commercial Arithmetic and Geography, Penmanship and Spelling.
- G. C. RITCHER, (Illinois State Normal).
Manual Training.
- CAROLYN M. WEMPEN, B.S., (Shurtleff College).
Algebra.

UPPER ALTON DEPARTMENT.

- ROBERT L. LOWRY.
Algebra, Geometry.
- C. L. PARKER, A.B., (Shurtleff College).
History, Sciences.
- FRIEDA PERRIN, A.B., (Shurtleff College).
English, German, Latin.





June Class
ALTON HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS DAY
Thursday, June 10th, 1915
at 2:00 p.m.

Music—Piano Trio—Girard Gavotte.....*Fonday*
Eugene Walter, Elmer Schwartzbeck, Gould Hurlbutt.

Alton High School, Past and Present.....Mary Eunice Caywood

Oration—The Man of the Hour.....George Walter

Piano Solo—Marche Militaire.....*Schubert-Liszt*
Beulah Munger.

Pen Pictures of Who's Who.....Edith Daniel

Recitation—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....Anna Clyne

Vocal Solo—At Dawn.....*Cadman*
Florence Rose.

Triologue.....Hazel Crouch, Lucile Lehne, Harriet Burnap

President's Address.....William Stewart

Vocal Trio—The Picnic.....*Waldteufel*
Ulla Gissler, Mildred Chappel, Emma Sullivan.

Commencement Exercises

Class of 1915

Alton High School

High School Auditorium

Friday, June 11, 1915

Invocation..... Rev. J. T. Baker

Music—"Water Lilies"..... *Linders*
Girls' Chorus.

Salutatory.....Lois Marguerite Hile

Music—Violin Solo—"Hungarian Rhapsody".....*Houser*
Mitchell Petruzza.

Address—"The Shield of Education and the Battle of Life."

Rev. Leslie Willis Sprague,
Pastor of the Wellington Avenue Congregational Church,
Chicago.

Music—"The Violet's Fate".....*Abt*
Senior Girls' Chorus.

Valedictory—"A Plea for Peace"..... Eugene Julian Walter

Presentation of Diplomas—

By J. W. Schoeffler, President Board of Education.

Music—"A Slumber Song".....*Lohr*
Girls' Chorus.

Mid-Winter Class
Alton High School

CLASS DAY
THURSDAY P.M., JANUARY 27, 1916

Class History.....Mildred Goudie

Piano Duet—Witches Dance.....*MacDowell*
Elizabeth Koch, Alice Twing.

Oration—Democracy.....Harvey Calame

Recitation.....Evangeline Voorhees

Vocal Solo—The Swallows.....*Cowen*
Mildred MacDonald.

Oration—Peace.....Wallace Colonius

Class Prophecy.....Phyllis Gaskins

Instrumental Trio—Serenade.....*Rubenstein*
Arthur Horn, Cyrus Daniel, Mr. Richardson.

Class Will.....Eugene Hochstuhl

President's Address.....Arthur Horn

GRADUATING EXERCISES
MID-WINTER CLASS 1916
ALTON HIGH SCHOOL
HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28, 1916

Invocation Rev. Edward L. Gibson

Music—Lovely Night *Offenbach*
Girls' High School Chorus.

Salutatory John Dresler

Music—Henry VIII Dances..... *E. German*

(1) Morris Dance,

(2) Shepherds' Dance,

(3) Torch Dance.

Prof. W. D. Armstrong's Orchestra.

Address—

H. S. Magill, Jr., Supt. Schools, Springfield, Ill.

Music—A Twilight Revel..... *Ferraris-Elliot*
Girls' High School Chorus.

Valedictory..... Marian Goudie

Presentation of Diplomas—

By J. W. Schoeffler, President Board of Education.

Music—

(a) Spring Song..... *Mendelssohn*

(b) Traumerei..... *Schumann*

Prof. W. D. Armstrong's Orchestra.

February Class, 1916.



ARTHUR HORN, President—

"Art"

Kanawha.

Trio.

Orchestra.

Junior Play, '14.

Class Vice-President, '12-'13.

Class President, '14-'15-'16.

Class Day Program, '16.

HARVEY CALAME, Secretary—

"Pete"

Illini.

Class Treasurer, '13.

Class Secretary, '14-'15-'16.

Junior Play Com., '14.

Class Basketball, '15-'16.

Class Day Program Com., '16.

ROBERT GADDIS, Vice-President—

"Bob"

Pushmataha.

Class Basketball.

Class Vice-President, '14-'15-'16.

WALLACE COLONIUS, Treasurer—

"WalHe"

Kanawha.

Vice-President, '15.

Class Treasurer, '15-'16.

Extempore Representative at

Southern Ill. Conference, '15.

Chairman Class Day Program

Com.

"Frosh"! Obey them that have the rule over you and submit your selves.

I am one that is a laughing stock to his neighbor.—Ward Dale.

Neither have I obeyed the voice of my teachers.—Mitchell Petruzza.

GEORGE BRAUN—

"Tanglefoot"
Pushmataha.
Football, '14-'15.
Class Track, '13.
Class Basketball, '12-'13-'14-'15-'16.
Captain, '14-'15.
Basketball, '14-'15.

JOHN DRESSLER—

"Jonn'e"
Pushmataha.
Salutatorian.

LEONE ELWELL—

"Cutie"
Pushmataha.
Class Day Program Com.

MARION GOUDIE—

"Meg"
Kanawha.
Valedictorian.

MILDRED GOUDIE—

"Mid"
Kanawha.
Class Day Program.

EUGENE HOCKSTUHL—

"Gene"
Pushmataha.
Class Day Program.

Miss Naylor to II Latin Class)—
"Remember, there is no 'fur' in Latin
—it's too warm a country."

Mr. Metz (to Caldwell, who came
into class whistling)—"Nelson, if you
want to hear music, listen to the band
on your hat."





CHARLOTTE HUMMERT—

"Hum"
Pushmataha.

ELIZABETH KOCH—

"Bessie"
Kanawha.
Secretary, '15.
Class Day Program.

MILDRED McDONALD—

"Mike"
Illini.
Orchestra.
Girls' Basketball, '15.
Class Day Program.

ALICE TWING—

"T"
Kanawha.
Class President, '12.
Vice-President, '13.
Associate Art Editor "Tatler," '14.
Class Day Program.

EVA VOORHEES—

"Eve"
Pushmataha.
Class Day Program.

To all students who failed to have their pictures in this, their school annual, we dedicate this space in disgust.

Mr. Oertli—"Can you tell us what pasteurized milk is?"

Bright Young Freshie—"It's milk from a cow which has been fed on a pasture."

In Physiology—"If a red-headed father had a red-headed son, would it be a case of hair-red-i-ty?"

Mr. Oertli (in Chemistry)—"Anna, what is the formula for nitric acid?"

Anna—"NO."

Mr. Oertli—"NO?"

SENIORS



1916-17

YANKEE

June Class, 1916.



CARL MEGOWEN, President—

"Nellie"

Pushmataha.

Vice-President, '15.

Captain Class Track, '15.

Class Basketball, '15-'16.

Basketball, '16.

Junior Play, '15.

U. A. Class President, '13-'14.

Circulation Manager "Tatler," '15.

ELDRIDGE LEMEN, Vice-President—

"Doc"

Illini.

Junior Play, '15.

Class Basketball, '15.

Class Track, '15.

Football, '15.

HELEN GEORGE, Secretary—

"Sunny"

Pushmataha.

Class Secretary, '15-'16.

EDWARD MBERIWEATHER, Treasurer—

"Tubby"

Pushmataha.

President, '16.

Captain Negative Debating Team, '16.

Junior Play, '15.

Advertising Manager "Tatler," '15.



RAY BRATFISCH—

"Dash"

Illini.

President, '16.

Associate Art Editor "Tatler," '15.

Class Track, '15.

SOPHIA CALAME—

"Zoff"

Pushmataha.

LUCILLE CARTWRIGHT—

"Skinny"

Pushmataha.

ELEANOR CRAIN—

"Bill"
Illini.

HEDWIG DORMAN—

"Heidie"
Illini.
Der Deutsche Verein.

JOSEPH DROMGOOLE—

"Joe"
Kanawha.
President, '15.
Sodalitas Latina.
Debate, '16.
Chairman Athletic Petition Com.
Editor in Chief "Tatler," '15.
Band Master, '14.
Extempore Representative at
Southern Illinois Conference
'14-'15-'16.
Champaign, '14-'15.
"Jubilant Jubilee," '16.
A. H. S. Boys' Quartette.
Chairman Junior Play Com., '15.
Junior Play, '15.
Class Track, '14-'15.
Class Basketball, '15-'16.
Class Vice-President, '14.
Manager Football, '15.
Chairman Class Day Program, '16.

BESSIE GASCHO—

"Bess"
Kanawha.

HAZEL GASCHO—

"Gash"
Kanawha.

CLEDA GENT—

"Shorty"
Ipsilunataha.

Miss Bishop—"Philip, was bist du?"
Philip Jacoby—"Ich bin ein Mad-
chen."

Cy Daniels—"How do fish breathe?"
Mr. Haight—"I don't know. I'm not
one of them."





MELBA GREEN—

"Irish"

Illini.

Secretary-Treasurer, '16.

Girls' Basketball, '15-'16.

McKINLEY HAMILTON—

"Kid"

Kanawha.

Class Track, '12.

Junior Play Com., '15.

Class Basketball, '12-'13-'14.

Captain, '12.

Class Secretary-Treasurer, '13-'14.

Class Day Program Com.

LORETTA HOLL—

"Letta"

Illini.

Vice-President, '16.

Play, '16.

"Jubilant Jubilee," '16.

Junior Play, '15.

Junior Play Com., '15.

Class Day Program.

JULIA JAMESON—

"Jimmie"

Pushmataha.

ELLEN KITTINGER—

"Walter"

Pushmataha.

WILLIAM KOBLE—

"Bill"

Kanawha.

President, '16.

Art Editor "Tatler," '15.

Junior Play, '15.

"Jubilant Jubilee," '16.

A. H. S. Boys' Quartette.

Manager Debating Team, '16.

High School Band.

Class Day Program.

Oratorical Representative to
Southern Ills. Conference, '16.

*He hath sent me to bind up the
broken hearted.—Adele Nicolet.*

ALICE LEESE--
 "Maypole"
 Pushmataha.

ANNA LYNN--
 "Freshman's Darling"
 Pushmataha.

BEULAH McDOW--
 "Micky"
 Pushmataha.
 U. A.

ELIZABETH MADDOCK--
 "Bee"
 Illini.
 Salutatorian.

FLORENCE MATHIE--
 "Flossie"
 Kanawha.
 Secretary-Treasurer, '16.

HENRIETTA MAXEINER--
 "Heinie"
 Kanawha.

Miss Lowry (in English)—"Anyone who uses slang will 'get a calling.'"

Marion Goudie (in speech for Woman Suffrage)—"Why, for one thousand years women have stayed at home rocking the cradle with one foot and sewing with the other!"

Miss Lowry—"I don't see anything uplifting about the discovery of gunpowder."

Edwin Schurekhardt—"Gunpowder in itself is uplifting."





MARIE MEYERS—

"Little One"

Pushmataha.

Patrons' Night, '16.

STELLA MILFORD—

"Steaks"

Pushmataha.

Secretary-Treasurer, '15.

Junior Play, '15.

President Philomathean, '14.

U. A.

ADELE NICOLET—

"Hercules"

Illini.

MATHEWS QUIGLEY—

"Mike"

Kanawha.

ELEANOR RICE—

"Pete"

Illini.

ELSA SCHAPERKOTTER—

"Els"

Kanawha.

Class Secretary, '13.

Class Treasurer, '14.

Class President, '15.

Valedictorian.

A mind quite vacant.

—Nelson Caldwell.

I bear a charmed life—Joe Clyne.

True as steel—Edith Challacombe.

MARGARET SCHWAB—

"Marge"

Illini.

WALTER STAFFORD—

"Suckle"

Kanawha.

President, '16.

Class Basketball, '13-'14-'15-'16.

Class Track, '13.

Class Secretary, '15.

Debate, '16.

Associate Editor "Tatler," '15.

ETHEL STRONG—

"Ysayitski"

Illini.

WARREN TIFTON—

"Tippy"

Pushmataha.

President, '15.

Sodalitas Latina.

Class Treasurer, '13-'14-'15.

Class Track, '14-'15.

Class Basketball, '15.

Track, '15-'16.

Patrons Night, '16.

Basketball, '16.

Football, '14.

Representative Plaza Quill, '12.

Junior Play, '15.

Business Manager "Tatler," '15.

Class Day Program Com., '16.

LUCILLE UNTERBRINK—

"Money"

Pushmataha.

Girls' Basketball, '13-'14-'15-'16.

Patrons Night, '16.

Class Day Program Com., '16.

ALMEDA WEINDEL—

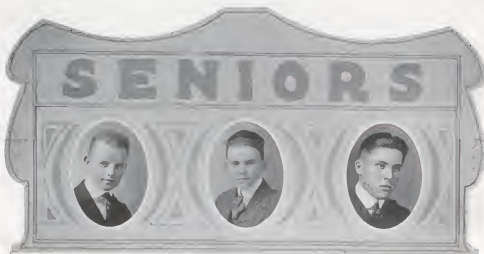
"Molecule"

Kanawha.

Mabel Henthorne (to a girl friend)
—"Joe told me that the reason Bill
was 'sore' was because I did not ap-
preciate his affections."



February Class, 1917.



WILFRED GATES, President—
"Bub"

Pushmataha.
Vice-President, '16.
Basket-ball, '15-'16.
Captain, '16.
Class Basketball, '13-'14-'15-'16.
Captain, '15-'16.
Football, '15.
Class Secretary, '13-'14.
Class President, '15-'16.
Associate Editor "Tatler," '15.

EDWARD MORROW, Vice-President—
"Red"

Pushmataha.
Class Vice-President, '15-'16.

LEON SOTIER, Secy-Treas.—
"Dutch"

Kanawha.

We are "tippy"—All who did not buy "Tatlers."

The lips of the wise disperse knowledge.—Juniors.

Out of his nostrils goeth forth smoke.—Marion Busse.

I stand up in the assembly room and cry for help.—Schmoeller.

Children of an idle brain.—Wm. Munger and Lucille Osborn.

He was a man of unbounded stomach.—Robert Kelsey.

EARL ARMOUR—
 "Professor"
 Kanawha.

MERRITT BAILEY—
 "Girlie"
 Pushmataha.

MARIE BOYD—
 "Bashful"
 Illini.

LILLIAN BEECHT—
 "Sunset"
 Kanawaha.

FRANK DODGE—
 "Doggie"
 Pushmataha.
 Football, '15.
 Class Basketball, '16.
 Basketball, '16.
 U. A.

MAD FAULSTICH—
 "May"
 Pushmataha.

Miss Lowry (in English)—"Oscar,
 what is a paraphrase?"
 Oscar—"Well, some people chew it
 for gum."

Mr. Haight (in Astronomy Class)—
 "What is the shape of the earth?"
 Student—"Round."
 Mr. Haight—"How do you know that
 it is round?"
 Student—"All right; it's square,
 then. I don't want to start any argu-
 ment about it."





ALLYN GASKINS—

"Gassy"
Pushmataha.
Class Secretary, '15.

CHARLES GILLHAM—

"Fatima"
Pushmataha.

ELEANOR JUN—

"Norah"
Illini.

SAMUEL LINDLEY—

"Race Hoss"
Illini.
Vice-President, '15.

MARY McPHILLIPS—

"Gabbie"
Pushmataha.
Girls' Basketball, '14-'15-'16.
Junior Play, '15.
Junior Play Com., '15.
U. A.

HERBERT MUELLER—

"Habbie"
Kanawha.
Captain Debating Team, '16.
Debate, '15-'16.
Class Basketball, '13-'14-'15.

A mighty mouth hath he.
—William Munger.

*Now I lay me down to rest
Looking to to-morrow's test,
If I should die before I wake,
Then I'll have no test to take.*

MARY PETERS—

"Pete"

Illini.

"Jubilant Jubilee," '16.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON—

"Jack"

Illini.

IDA RUBINSTEIN—

"Economy"

Illini.

CECIL STAHL—

"Stall"

Pushmataha.

MINERVA WHITLOCK—

"Nervy"

Pushmataha.

REID YOUNG—

"Skinny"

Kanawha.

Deac (in 4 Chemistry)—"Ida, which would you use—iron or zinc, in making hydrogen for balloon?"

Ida—"Iron."

Deac—"Why?"

Ida Rubenstein—"It's cheaper."

Crawford (in 3 English)—"When Mrs. Noah boarded the ark, after considerable difficulty, she 'beat up' Mr. Noah."





Miss McKim



Sam & Miss



Lister



Oh



Ga



The Bravos of the
16 Talles



Ab



Vol (Juch.



That naughty Play
Cast

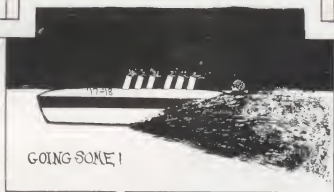


Ross-Where are you at.



Dilo.

JUNIORS

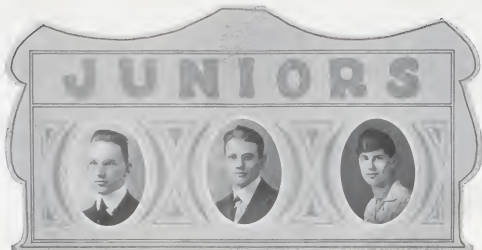


GOING SOME!

1917-18

MOUSE

June Class, 1917.



ARTHUR SCHMOELLER

"Woop"
President

"I dearly love to publish books,
I think it's worlds of fun,
I hope I flunk this year, so I
Can write another one."

ROSS SHERWOOD

"Schrieve"
Vice-President

Who of the girls can e'er resist
This handsome, dashing youth?
Yet Beulah is the favored one
If we should tell the truth.

HELEN KAUFFMAN

"Sally"
Secretary and Treasurer

Helen is a winsome lass,
To this fact all agree,
You'll travel far before you'll find
Another sweet as she.

VERNA ANDREWS

"Andy"

In Cicero class she triumphs,
In Physics class the same;
And nothing stands between her,
And a life of greatest fame.

GEORGE BENNES

"Simon"

"A clever lad indeed," you'll say,
When thru this book you glance;
For George is surely great in art,
His fame is not by chance.

WALTER BENSINGER

"Walt"

He's very quiet here in school,
But when he's on the field
His youth and vigor held in check
Are forcibly revealed.

JOHN BLAIE

"Jonathan"

He's large in stature, large in brain,
Now what more would you ask?
Since John has such good qualities,
He ne'er neglects a task.

ROBERT BURNS

"Bob"

Bob's going to be a lawyer,
But talking's not his forte,
For there's not a girl in High School
That we can make him court.

LUCY CALAME

"Loose"

She is always willing to help you,
In anything she knows—
From Physics, the most difficult,
To easy (?) Latin prose.

*Condemn the fault and not the actor
of it.*

A skirmish of wit.

—Ferneta Bierbaum.





GRACE CONNERLEY

"Gracie"

Grace is fond of Chemistry,
And studies with a will.
She's very reckless tho' in Lab.,
And owes a monstrous bill.

DORIS COYLE

"Coils"

I'm trying hard to graduate;
If ever I get thru,
I'll be so glad to leave this place
I don't know what I'll do!

GEORGE CRAWFORD

"Jake"

Now George is a studious lad,
Who does all his work with a will;
He never finds time to be bad,
For he has no time to kill.

CYRUS DANIEL

"Cy"

This marvelous musician,
Of delving disposition,
sprinkles his work with fun,
From dawn 'till setting sun.

HAZEL DAUBMAN

"Shipman"

Some one living in Shipman,
Fair Hazel would love to see;
If he were with her at A. H. S.
How happy she would be.

MARY DAWSON

"Love"

I used to hate the Physics Lab.,
And wish September, June.
But now I dearly the place
And leave it all too soon.

*Three very good axioms for a
Freshman:*

*One ounce of study is worth a
pound of excuses.*

*It is a wise Freshie who knows
composition, after it is corrected.*

To flunk is human, to pass divine.

CLEMENT DEEDS

"Dago"

Clement is a man of "Deeds,"
He's busy all the day.
Yet stops to be a man of "words"
When ladies pass his way.

DOROTHY EWAN

"Dot"

"Dot's" a quiet and winning lass;
One of the best girls in our class.
In conquering lessons one by one,
Many a victory has she won.

ELEANOR FINDLEY

"Norah"

Eleanor knows just how to play
In a very pleasing way.
Notes don't bother her a mite,
At first glance she reads them right.

GLADYS GATES

"Gatie"

Just how fast Gladys' tongue can go,
We don't pretend to say,
We only know she uses it,
On each and every day.

CLINTON GENT

"Fewe"

He won his "A" in football,
Richly deserved it, too,
If Clinton Gent should quit the team
I don't know what we'd do.

HELEN GEYER

"Venus II"

Oh, how the "M. E." choir has grown!
No wonder this is so;
For when she asks the boys to come
Somehow, they can't say "no."

"Sculpiono" cleans, scours and polishes. Better than Dutch Cleanser.—Wm. Kolb.





NINA GOUDIL
"An-na-tanomy"

This darling little lass
Just sweet sixteen,
Has the prettiest dimples
You've ever seen.

ALICE HALTON
"Brown-eyes"

She's quite reserved in school time,
Her mind it NEVER strays.
If she doesn't get her lessons
It's not because she plays.

CLARA HAUSER
"Red"

"I don't quite understand
The ways of this old school.
So I try to be real quiet
And I'm sure I'll break no rule."

ERWIN HEBNER
"Dutch"

Everybody's fond of "Dutch."
You can't blame them very much,
For he's always full of fun,
Cracking jokes with everyone.

DOROTHY HORTON
"Emmy"

I'm very fond of Alton High,
For here is where I met with Joe;
And don't you think that that's enough
To make me say U. A. is slow?

AZELDA HUNT
"Z"

"I like to play in seven sharps,
That's such an easy key,"
You'll often hear Azelda say—
She's sharp herself, you see.

Girl—"Mr. Metz, why did you take
off 5 on this question?"
Metz—"Because you haven't the
right figure."
Girl (sobbing)—"But I can't help
that."

HARRIET HYNDMAN
"Skeet"

Harriet is a tiny maid
Full of laughter and of wit;
In whate'er she's done or said
She has always made a hit.

JESSIE JAMESON
"J. J."

Jessie loves to help
Those less strong than she,
So she's loved by ev'ry one
As all would like to be.

ALVA JOESTING
"Alk"

If for each bit of knowledge,
A wrinkle there should be;
How wrinkled, oh how wrinkled,
Poor Alva's face would be!

ROBERT KILSEY
"Bob"

As business manager this year
Bob surely plays his part,
We know our finances will be
Correct, right from the start.

ALMA KOCH
"Al"

Alma does in German excel
Her translations they are quite swell,
So we will collect a fine big purse
And send her to Germany to be a nurse.

ELMER KOCH
"Kochie"

Elmer is a fine debater,
A credit to Alton High.
We're sure to hear from him later
For fame cannot pass him by.

*Who chooseth me gaineth what
men desire.—Georgia Patterson.*

*Not in the roll of the common herd.
—Perley Gaddis.*





WILLIAM KRUSE
"Bill"

A grass blade is my war-like lance,
A rose leaf is my shield,
Beams of the sun are everywhere
My chargers for the field.

HENRY LENHARDT
"Pinkie"

His magic tricks have helped us much
In publishing this book,
His poems, too, are present here,
At which you're sure to look.

JESSIE LOWDER
"Louder"

Jessie delights in teasing Bob,
Or telling Clinton some funny joke.
She's also known for her lovely voice,
Of which let all take note.

HARRY LUER
"Liver"

He starts out in the morning,
Before the rising sun,
And kills the pretty wild things
With his old breech-loading gun.

EDITH MATHER
"Dut"

Edith's fair to look upon,
And so are all her grades;
In fact, in viewing them at times,
Her color slowly fades.

WILHELMINA MEGOWEN
"Pine"

Willie's hair is very straight,
But she wouldn't fuss and fool,
And stay up half the night
To fix a curl for school.

*"I cannot find one wise man among
you."—"B. C." to '16 Class.*

*Neither have I written these things,
that it should be done so unto me.
—Compiler of "Tatler" Quotations.*

WILBERT METZGER
"Rip Van"

Wilbert doesn't like the girls,
"Such horrid things with all their curls,"
He'd sooner work Arithmetic
Or comb his hair down very slick.

HELEN MILLER
"Shorty"

This miss so slow, but steady;
Studies with all her might,
When called upon she is ready
Her lesson to recite.

HELEN MITCHELL
"Red"

This girl has brighter hair
Than anyone in her class,
But brighter still are the thoughts
Which through her mind do pass.

THELMA NUNN
"Ma"

Thelma evidently thinks
She does us all surpass;
But I am sure it merely is
Just in her weight or mass.

MARGARET O'DONNELL
"Marge"

Margaret loves to help her friends
On every occasion;
When scolded for the aid she lends,
This is her explanation.

SPENCER OLIN
"Spence"

The bright young man called "Spence"
With study will never dispense;
Nor was he ever known to cheat,
Or in golf or tennis to be beat.

*Interpretation will misquote our
looks.—Taller Pictures.*

*"As the door turneth upon its
hinges so does the slothful upon
his bed."*





JAMES PARKER

"Jim"

Jim runs so fast in track each night,
I jump up from my seat
To see if he by hook or crook,
Has wings upon his feet.

GEORGIA PATTERSON

"George"

This sweet little maid,
With curly brown hair,
Is never burdened,
With books or with care.

LAVERNA RUDDY

"Vernie"

She's very small and light complected,
And as everyone knows she's quite
affected,
She rises at six, this LITTLE girl,
So that she'll have time her hair to curl.

HERMAN SCHALLER

"Stub"

Herman's friends are numbered
Not by a ten or a score,
For they are, at least, a hundred,
And then perhaps still more.

OSCAR SCHOEFFLER

"Ock"

In everything he undertakes,
Success does crown his work.
In Algebra or G'ometry,
He never tries to shirk.

EDWIN SCHWEICKHARDT

"Windy"

Altho' his name is very long,
In stature he's not tall;
He has no peer in this whole world
In knowing how to "stall."

Forbes—"Something smells."
Mr. Oertli—"That's your imagination."

Forbes—"No, my imagination does not smell."

CHARLES SMITH
"Smitty"

Charles is by fate a carpenter,
And not a man of knowledge,
For if Latin is a requisite,
He'll never get to college.

LEO STURGEON
"Patrick Henry"

Leo's a fine ball player,
A crack debater, too;
We haven't time to number
The things that he can do.

HELEN VAHLE
"Hercules II"

She doesn't study very much;
But I have heard it said,
She dearly loves to sweep the floor
Or bake her mother's bread.

WILLARD WATERS
"Hard Water"

"I tell you, school is tough,
And it's mighty hard to get
The grades that 'dad' wants me to have,
For things just won't stay set.

HORACE WESTON
"Felix"

Horace, we know, is destined by fate
Some day to be great;
For with genius and mind of such size,
How could he then be otherwise?

HELEN WILKINSON
"Wilkie"

She's a puzzle to Mr. Metz,
With her vacant, absent stare;
It's there when she knows the lesson,
It's there when she doesn't care.

"I uster be good onct."

—Arthur Horn.

The only original physics faker.

—Wilfred Gates.



February Class, 1918.



HAROLD STAMPS, President

"Cookie"

Harold's quite an athlete,
A hurdler fine is he;
Without him in the class track meet,
Where would we Juniors be?

KATHERINE KOCH, Secretary

"Katie"

They say she'll take the honors
Of the February class,
For she always has her lessons
And her grades none can surpass.

CHARLES OEHLER, Vice-President

"Dutch"

Since "Dutch's" girl has gone away
He studies day and night;
If some one doesn't stop him soon
He'll be unearthly bright.

CARLINE GOUDIE, Treasurer

"Car-line"

Though not a great prattler,
She is a great writer;
Her work on the "Tatler,"
Could scarcely be brighter.



JOHN BAILEY

"Johnnie"

His face is of the Roman mold,
His heart is gentle, kind and true;
Ambition's call or weight of gold
Will never make him false to you.

VERNON CHILES.

"Big Boy"

As a splendid player in football,
In basket ball the same,
This lad of whom our class is proud
Has won his way to fame.

MARION BUSSE

"Strings"

The "Tatler" is indebted
To Busse, tall and slim;
These drawings show his genius,
We all do envy him.

RICHARD CLAYTON
"Dick"

This lover of baseball sport,
Can either "catch" or "pitch,"
And play a hard and tiresome game
Without a single hitch.

NINA CORBETT
"Betty"

Altho' she's very quiet,
She studies with a will;
She always has her lessons
And has no "time to kill."

EDITH CULP
"Snooks"

Edith's very fond of sweets,
And dearly loves to bake;
But fairly hates the subjects
Her mamma makes her take.

CICELY EVANS
"English"

She is often heard to say,
"That is not the English way,"
Nor remembers that to-day
She's from England far away.

ELINOR FLAGG
"Norah"

Elinor's a quiet girl,
And good as she can be;
She's first to help in everything,
A friend worth while is she.

CHARLES FORBES
"Infant"

Mike says "Charles is such a dear!"
And if she don't know, who does?
For the telephone line between them
Is always on the buzz.

Hallelujah, I'm a hobo!
Hallelujah, I'm thin;
Hallelujah, give us a handout
And revive us again.

—Jailbird Chorus.





LEONE GIBERSON

"Lonie"

Patter, patter, hear her feet,
Across the assembly floor;
Now she's talking, now she's girting;
Never such was seen before.

ADALINE GILL

"Addie"

The height of my ambition,
Is to gain a fine position
High in the branches of a tree
Which is called "Society."

MABEL HENTHORN

"Mabs"

She's made a "hit" at Alton High,
'Tis easy that to see;
For even our Editor's fond of her;
That's "POPULARITY."

LAZELL KESSINGER

"Sally"

I'm glad that I have lots of hair;
It must be hard these days,
To dress the little some girls have
In all the latest ways.

VELMA KEYSER

"Shorty"

She's as quiet as a mouse,
As she goes across in school,
Always tries to do her best
And never breaks the golden rule.

MILDRED LINFOGLE

"Millie"

Singing, singing, singin'
Onward thru life she goes;
Always humming some popular song
Or a rag from the Hippodrome.

*Who think too little and talk too
much.—Sophomores.*

MORRIS MAYFORD
"Wumpus"

This little (?) boy called "Wumpus,"
On the football field raised a rumpus;
His opponents just fell in their traces
When he made such funny faces.

CALLA MEYERS
"Cal"

Every day she walks the floor,
With that broad and patient smile;
She makes "Deac's" cheeks turn rosy red
As she prances down the aisle.

EARL OSBORN
"Curly"

Earl's so very popular,
He's always on the go;
There's no girl sees him but concludes
He'd make a dandy beau.

HENRY PACE
"Hank"

In History he does delight,
In English he is great,
But Physics Lab.—quite safe to say—
Has surely sealed his fate.

MARGARET RUEBEL
"Reed"

Margaret is a perfect "dear,"
And also dark complected;
In all her ways you plainly see
She's not a bit affected.

CLIFFORD RICHARDS
"Tickle"

He sees a joke in everything,
From nine 'till half-past three,
And when he gets the slightest chance
He laughs with greatest glee.

Mr. Haight—"How did the Norsemen
get into France?"
Pupil—"I don't know."
Mr. H.—"Well, they didn't have
trains or automobiles."
Pupil—"But they might have had a
Ford."
Mr. H.—"Yes, they had to ford
nearly every stream they came to."





HELEN RINTOUL
"Beans"

A giggle, and then a silence:
And we know by her merry eyes
She is plotting and planning in secret,
A wonderful surprise.

NORMA SCRIBNER
"Scribby"

Things worry Norma 'most to death
Yet—very strange to say—
The things that worry her the most
End in a pleasing way.

WILMA WEBB
"Bill"

"The best part of education,"
Says Wilma with great animation;
"Is having the wonderful chance
To star in 'The Bachelor's Romance.'"

RUTH WEBER
"Ruthie"

She's quite at home in Latin,
She never has to bluff;
For "Ruthie" from experience
Has learned to dig enough.

MARY BELLE WIMBER
"Sadie"

Altho' in stature she is small,
She makes her presence known to all,
If perchance a muffled (?) joke you hear
You may safely guess that she is near.

WALTER YACKEL
"Walla"

Unusually quiet,
Unusually bright
In everything he undertakes
He is usually right.

*Full many a lady I've eyed with best
regard.—Earl Osborn.*

*To throw away the dearest thing he
owned, as 'twere a careless trifle.
—Ain't no sich Animal.*

SOPHOMORES



His head as light as a feather,
His face unprofaned by a frown,
The Sophomore haughtily smiles and says,
"You can't keep a good man down."



June Class, 1918.

OFFICERS

Leland Winkler	-	-	-	President
Ward Dale	-	-	-	Vice-President
Carrie Dependahl	-	-	-	Secretary
Harold Wright	-	-	-	Treasurer



Nelson Caldwell, Vern Miller, Leland Smith, Alice Nixon
Grace Miller, Glen Rankin, Wilford Queen, Archie Riehl, Gertrude Luer



Loretta Jun, Paul Kopp, Mabel Lorch, Francis Manning
Albert Mozier, Margaret Johnston, Charles Lamothe, Mamie Melling, Clement Meriwether



William Brandeweide, Amos Kirchoff, Margaret Campbell, Edwin Stillwell
Ward Dale, Carrie Dependahl, James Chiles, Maymie Collins, Katharine Gratian



Viola Voss, Norma Riehl, Harriet Rumsey, Flora Rust
Harley Caywood, Helen Rose, Thula Mathus, Tess Smith, Roy Winchester

*"Junior Play practice is 'war' when it cometh on Wednesday night."—
Busse.*

*"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."—Clayton H. Houts.*

February Class, 1919.

OFFICERS

John Bauer	-	-	-	-	President
Roland Brownhill	-	-			Vice-President
Edith Challacombe	-	-			Secretary-Treasurer

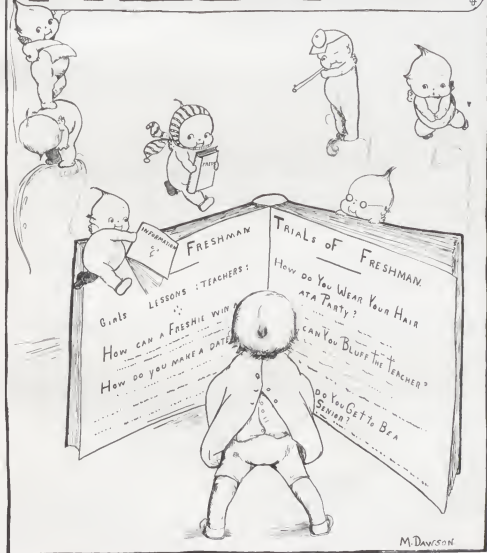


Elsie Barnhart, Gerald Gould, Emma Sawyer, Morris Rintoul
Maud Rust, Charles Black, Margaret Rogerson, William Munger, Edna McClure



Jesse Laird, Gladys Garstang, Harold Wright, Willard Kamp
Charles Halsey, Perley Gaddis, Alberta Brown, Anna Arter, Robert Paul

FRESHMEN



June Class, 1919.

OFFICERS

Manley Winkler	-	-	-	President
Gertrude Horn	-	-	-	Vice-President
Helen Keller	-	-	-	Secretary
Hugh Kauffman	-	-	-	Treasurer



Edwin Cox, Helen Fahrig, Lena Fischer, Harold Chappell
Emma Harris, Josephine Gascho, Edna Bailey, Ruth Dale, Helen Goudie



Gertrude Horn, Lucille Wright, Eugenia Joesting, Helen Keller
Jack Hind, Helen Miller, Gladys Nixon, Hugh Kauffmann



Margaret Zeltman, Leslie Yungck
Olga Schoeffler, Lillian Wutzler, Elsie Schmoeller, Helen Shrigley



Lucille Osborn, Dancey Smith, Bertha Schippert
Harold Stafford, Mary Russell, Ben Vine, Manley Winkler, Edith Nitsche



Josephine Templeton, Edith Challacombe
Jesse Weller, Dorothy Will, Emil Kehr, Lorraine Stamps

February Class, 1920.

OFFICERS

Helen Pfeiffer	-	-	-	President
Harold Hart	-	-	-	Vice-President
Earl Tremmel	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer



Thelma Steck, Wilber Halsey
Mildred Lehne, Harold Luft, Helen Pfeiffer, Rose Rice



Viola Bierbaum, Robert Goulding, Mildred Ash, Louis Stiritz
Anna Cobeck, Irwin Green, Elizabeth Chiles, Clarence Bensinger, Ferneta Bierbaum.



Ralph Wilhelm, Leon Tenis
Mildred Wenzel, Evelyn Nicolet, Lester Parker



Edward Levis, Lillian Kolb, Helen Corbett, Philip Jacoby
Verena Flach, Raymond Henderson, Velma Deeds, Charles Luft, Violet Graff

"So faithful in love."—"Nellie" Megowen.

"Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends."—Henry Ward Beecher.

"When a man begins to study he begins to grow."—Better Iowa.



Coach.



Peoples



Scores



Some Chicken



Senior



In Childhood



from Paton's Night



Good-busabuse



Student's Life



Play



Classroom History



Eleven



On Girl!

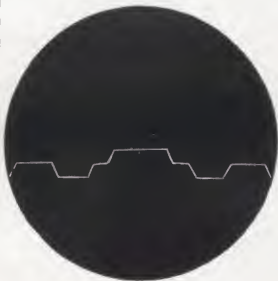


The wrestlers



On Pat's Birthday

UPPER ALTON



'18-'19



Upper Alton Sophomores.



Gordon Green, Raymond Wenzel, Ava Karns, Lester Culp
Irma Hecker, Kathyne Pates, Roy Deem, Bernice Williamson, Ida Benish



Mary Seely, Nina Herrick, Evelyn Morris, Mary Allen
Mahala Wachter, Edward Ohnsorg, Martin Hile, Joseph Clyne, Sophia Hull

Upper Alton Freshmen.



Archie Stahl, Eunice Todd, Neil Travis
Martha Williams, Harry Howell, Harry Worden, Helen Wyckoff



Florence Mumford, Beatrice Welch
Israel Streeper, Dewey Bradley, Lola Windsor, Charles Wightman



Vernon Dehner, Susie Slocum, Ross Milford
Thelma Schmerge, Gladys McReynolds, Viola Luer, Adele Hildebrand



Theodore Franke, Myrtle Heinemann, Edmond Hord, Ruth Flory
Theo Boyd, Irwin Dinges, Eva Everson, Mark Maley, Mary Elbie



GYMNASIUM A. H. S.



PHYSICS LABORATORY A. H. S.

Recognition Honors.

Arthur Horn, '16. —Kanawha; Trio; Orchestra; Junior Play, '14; Class Vice-President, '12, '13; Class President, '14, '15, '16; Class Day Program, '16.

Joseph Dromgoole.—Kanawha; President, '15; Sodalitas Latina; Debate, '16; Chairman Athletic Petition Committee; Editor-in-Chief "Tatler," '15; Band Master, '14; Extempore Representative at Southern Illinois Conference, '14, '15, '16; Champaign, '14, '15; "Jubilant Jubilee," '16; A. H. S. Boys' Quartette; Chairman Junior Play Committee, '15; Junior Play, '15; Class Trade, '14, '15; Class Basketball, '15, '16; Class Vice-President; Assistant Manager Football, '15; Chairman Class Day Program, '16.

William Kolb.—Kanawha; President, '16; Art Editor "Tatler," '15; Junior Play, '15; "Jubilant Jubilee," '16; A. H. S. Boys' Quartette; Manager Debating Team, '16; High School Band, '14; Class Day Program; Oratorical Representative to the Southern Illinois Conference, '16.

Carl Megowen.—Pushmataha; Vice-President, '15; Captain Class Track '15; Class Basketball, '15, '16; Basketball, '16; Junior Play, '15; U. A. Class President, '13, '14; Circulation Manager "Tatler," '15; Class President, '16.

Edward Meriwether.—Pushmataha; President, '16; Captain Debating Team, '16; Junior Play, '15; Advertising Manager "Tatler," '15; Class Treasurer, '16.

Warren Tipton.—Pushmataha; President, '15; Sodalitas Latina; Class Treasurer, '13, '14, '15; Class Track, '14, '15; Class Basketball, '15; Track, '15; Patrons' Night, '16; Basketball, '16; Football, '14; Representative Piasa Quill, '12; Junior Play, '15; Business Manager "Tatler," '15; Class Day Program Committee.



SECOND SEMESTER. 1914-15.

High Honor

REQUIREMENTS: No grade below Excellent, 92, and no demerits.

4-2	4-1
Coultas, Cecile	Goudie, Marian
Dawson, Lucille	2-2
Walter, Eugene	Daniel, Cyrus
2-1	
Dependable, Carrie	

Honor

REQUIREMENTS: No grade below 85 in four regular subjects and not more than three demerits.

4-2	4-2
Bauer, Clara	Hurlbutt, Gould
Browne, Marjorie	Landon, Ralph
Browning, Blanche	Maley, Mary
Caywood, Mary Eunice	Mawdsley, Eleanor
Daniel, Edith	Rose, Florence
Gissler, Ulla	Snyder, Harry
Hile, Marguerite	Stamper, Charlotte
4-1	4-1
Goudie, Mildred	Horn, Arthur
Hochstuhl, Eugene	Twing, Alice
3-2	3-2
Maddock, Elizabeth	Megowen, Carl
Schaperkotter, Elsa	
3-1	
Mueller, Herbert	
2-2	2-2
Andrews, Verna	Nunn, Thelma
Calame, Lucy	Olin, Spencer
Goudie, Nina	Schmoeller, Arthur
Joesting, Alva	Weston, Horace
2-1	2-1
Evans, Cicely	Wimber, Mary Belle
Goudie, Carline	

Benish, Ida
Collins, Mamie
Green, Gordon
Hile, Martin
Karns, Ava
Luer, Gertrude

1-2

Meriwether, Clement
Rose, Helen
Rumsey, Harriet
Stillwell, Edwin
Williamson, Bernice
Winkler, Leland

Wright, Harold

1-1

Garstang, Gladys

FIRST SEMESTER 1915-16.

High Honor

3-1

Andrews, Verna

2-2

Dependahl, Carrie.

Honor.

4-2

Colonius, Wallace
Dressler, John

Goudie Marian
Hochstuhl, Eugene

Horn, Arthur.

4-1

Bratfisch, Ray
Dormann, Hedwig
Gascho, Hazel
Gent, Cleda
George, Helen
Maddock, Elizabeth

Mathie, Florence
Maxeiner, Henrietta
Megowen, Carl
Nicolet, Adele
Schaperkotter, Elsa
Tipton, Warren

Unterbrink, Lucille.

3-2

Armour, Earl

Mueller, Herbert

3-1

Calame, Lucy
Daniel, Cyrus
Ewan, Dorothy
Gates, Gladys

Goudie, Nina
Joesting, Alva
Lowder, Jessie
Patterson, Georgia

Sturgeon, Leo

2-2

Evans, Cicely

Goudie, Carline

2-1

Benish, Ida
Hile, Martin
Jun, Laurette
Karns, Ava
Lobbis, Viola

Meriwether, Clement
Seely, Mary
Voss, Viola
Williamson, Bernice
Winchester, Roy

Winkler, Leland

1-2

Phillips John

1-1

Flory, Ruth
Goudie, Helen
Hind, Jack
Horn, Gertrude
Keller, Helen

Luer, Viola
Rich, Hilda
Russell, Mary
Windsor, Lola
Wyckoff, Helen

Zeltmann, Margaretha.

WEARERS OF THE A

FOOTBALL.

J. Parker, Captain	W. Gates
H. Stamps, Captain-elect	E. Lemen
G. Braun	M. Mayford
H. Chappell	C. Oehler
V. Chiles	H. Schaefer
F. Dodge	H. Trout
C. Gent	L. Winkler

S. Lindley

BASKETBALL.

W. Gates, Captain	F. Dodge
R. Clayton, Captain-elect	C. Megowen
G. Braun	J. Parker
M. Busse	W. Tipton.

TRACK. *

Parker

DEBATE.

H. Mueller, Captain	E. Meriwether, Captain
E. Koch	L. Sturgeon
W. Stafford	J. Droomgoole

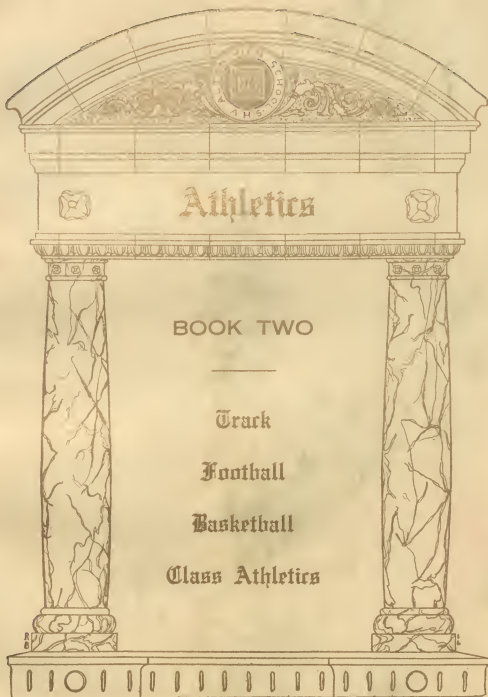
EXTEMPORE.

J. Droomgoole	O. Schoeffler
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ORATION.

W. Kolb

*Tatler goes to Press before County Meet, so that we are unable to publish complete list.





FOOTBALL



1915

MOUSSE 7/6



A.W.S. Foot Ball Squad.



Rushing the Line



Big

Stevie's.



Squad, at 'Play'



Gen'l

Contracting.



Cookie Joe.



Foot Ball Banquet.



Lone Star



"Rough Necks"

Football Team

The football team of '15 was extremely fortunate in having as their captain one of the finest centers in this part of the State. Parker's experience was invaluable to the players and himself in meeting the extraordinary conditions which prevailed throughout the season. He played a good, steady game and gave A. H. S. the best football that was in him. Should "Jim" return next year, our opponents would do well to watch him.

Stamps was not a fake grandstand star, but contented himself by always playing a reliable, steady game at left half. He was a swift, sure tackler and was specially successful in breaking up forward passes. Under "Cookie's" able leadership, the team of 1916 should establish a record of successes which shall go ringing down the corridors of Time with those of many other football heroes.





“Tanglefoot”! “Who is he?” Why, he is the fellow for whom forward passes were invented. He just “gobbled them up”; in fact, he ate one every morning for breakfast to keep in practice. He played a praiseworthy game at right end, even if he did get his feet tangled once in a while. Braun was a regular speed demon and a thorn in the side of many an opposing team.



Although discouraged at the beginning of the season, he finally decided that “Bud” could make the team, and make it he did. Chappell was a specialist in speed and breaking up forward passes. He played a good game at guard and his weight and determination were always important factors in the game. Harold still has several more years to play and, with his ever-increasing speed and weight, should develop into a star for Alton.



Although it was only his first year out, “Big Boy” proved that even comparatively new material could be developed to play real football. Chiles was one of our best line men and a big stone wall in the path of many opponents.

Next year the “Old Rock of Chickamauga” will give many good players a merry race for a position on the ‘16 team.

Dodge, with whom football is hereditary, played his position as pilot of the '15 machine with the ease of a veteran. "Doggie" was always the objective of any rough playing on the part of our opponents. He always "kept his head" and displayed remarkable skill in guiding the team through its many tight places. Dodge readily deserves the title—"One of the best quarter-backs that ever wore the ruby red and silver grey."

"Bub" was little, but if he lacked "beef" he certainly made up for it with his nerve. He was greased lightning personified. Gates always put up a plucky fight and seemed to wiggle through almost any hole in the opponents' line, regardless of its size. Gates was a jolly good fellow and worked with both coach and teammates without a hitch.

Probably the smallest and lightest man on the team was Gent. However, that didn't make any difference to him; he worked all the harder and put everything he had into the play. After the best game of the season (East St. Louis), the East Side coach asked for an introduction to Gent, whom he thought was the best player in both teams.





Lemen, as "general utility man" for the 1916 team, had one of the hardest jobs on the field. He played successfully at quarter, half and end. Whenever a change was made, "Doe" changed without hesitating. He did his best for the school and certainly deserved a letter.



"Race Hoss" certainly did plow through the line when playing fullback and held like a stone wall when in the line. Whenever anyone made a mistake he excused everybody but himself. He has another year to play, so that Alton will hear from him again.



Probably one of the heaviest and fastest players on the team was Mayford. "Wampus" always played a good clean game and put everything into it. When he played against an extra strong tackle he scared him half to death with his many funny faces. Morris should assist materially next year with his ever-increasing speed and weight.

Handicapped by ill health, Oehler was unable to return to his own form of game displayed last year. Dutch was a fellow, though, who could always be depended upon in a tight place and invariably opened a hole big enough to move a house through it. He will be with us for several years yet, so that with past experience and good hard work he should become a good back-field man.

The position at right half was held down the greater part of the year by Schaefer, who played a fast, clean game. "Dosie" was a "scrapper" in every sense of the word and when he hit somebody they usually became aware of that fact. He is built for football, and if he returns next year he is going to make our opponents "sit up and take notice."

"Shorty" played better football while playing defensive full than when he played left half. He is short and heavy, so that whenever Alton wanted several yards Harry was called upon. Ducking his head to avoid the rush, he would sail into the bunch and presently be seen running for all he was worth toward the opponents' goal. How he got through that line always will be a mystery to everyone but Trout.





"Weine" came out this year for the first time, hardly expecting to play on the first team. Hard, fast playing won the position at right end which he readily deserved. He will be an excellent man to take Braun's place, and we have every reason to expect him to play much better football next year than he played this year.

Coach Houts tried hard to develop a winning team, but, because of some misunderstanding, he met a little opposition from the players, which was in part the reason for an unsuccessful year. When given a freer hand toward the end of the season, and using a new method, the results were noticeably better. This is Houts' last year as coach of football, as the new physical culture instructor, Mr. Gamertsfelder, has been given full charge of all forms of athletics.

"Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to build an ark.

Don't lose your grip."—Elbert Hubbard.

"A lover and a lusty bachelor."—"Deac."

*"And sweetly can dispute,
In the heavenly matters of theology."—Herbert Mueller.*

The 1915 Football Season.

After four days of practice, Oct. 2, Alton met Whitehall on W. M. A. field. Our boys were outweighed and handicapped by loss of Quarterback Dodge, who was laid out in the first quarter, but the boys played the game with snap and "pep" so characteristic of the regular Alton team. They were obliged, however, to take the smaller end of a 7-0 score.

On Oct. 23, Alton journeyed to St. Louis to meet McKinley, the interscholastic champions. Upon our arrival, our boys were treated to a real (?) "feed." In the afternoon they returned the compliment by allowing the "Mound City" boys to win to the tune of 94-0. The feature of the game occurred in the fourth quarter when "Troutie" gathered in a forward pass and raced seventy-five yards only to be downed one yard from goal.

A week later General Houts led the Alton forces in an attack upon our rival, Edwardsville. In the afternoon, under the able leadership of Captain Parker, the boys attacked the enemy's lines but because of superior artillery in the form of a heavy backfield, were unable to make appreciable gains. We retired with 7 prisoners and 13 wounded. Score 7-13.

Perhaps Edwardsville deserved the victory, but in the interests of good sportsmanship they could have given Alton a fairer deal and yet have won. More might be said, but suffice to say that athletic relations have been severed, for the present at least, as a result of the treatment.

On Nov. 6, Alton played one of the best games of the season against East St. Louis High. The way in which Alton "sailed into them" would make the great battles of Europe insignificant in comparison. The game was a succession of perfect forward passes, brilliant end runs while the line held like a stone wall. After three quarters of scoreless playing East St. Louis got the ball on a blocked punt and tallied the only points of the game. Score, 6-0.

The following Saturday, Alton stopped at Carlinville long enough to receive the small end of 13-6. Alton, though outweighed, lacked the "pep" displayed in the East St. Louis game.

Carlinville was met and vanquished November 20. Score 9-3. Alton "sailed into them" from the start and even with several substitutes who played the first half and demonstrated their abilities for '16 football, we were able to keep them from crossing the 35-yard line.

Although not marked by any "grandstand" playing, the fellows *played* a good clean *game* and certainly deserved to win.

The last game of the season was played against Western second team. Although they had defeated us in practice games, Alton showed Western how to play good, clean football. The first half Alton carried the ball to Western's five-yard line almost at will, but could never make their weight felt sufficiently enough to cross the opponent's goal. In the second quarter Alton scored a touchback. The second half Western's superior weight and experience began to tell. The ball see-sawed back and forth across the field, Western having a little the better of it. Finally near the close of the game they drop-kicked from the fifteen yard line. Alton was unable to score again. Score 3-2.

A winning team is invariably a good one, but it does not follow that our team, which won very few games, was not a good team. When, however, we take into consideration the facts, that the team got a late start because the "Board" did not definitely decide to finance athletics until the season was several weeks old; that the scores, with the exception of the McKinley game, were all close; that only two football "A" men returned and the team had to be chosen from comparatively new material; and, finally, that the team was one of the lightest in the history of A. H. S. football, the season of 1915 can readily be called a success.

The team officially disbanded on January 13, 1916, with one of the finest banquets ever set before a team. The "board" was plentifully heaped with the season's delicacies of which all heartily partook. After numerous speeches from the members of the team, coach and cheer leader, the boys retreated to the parlor where they were treated to some ragtime by the various musicians. When all were thoroughly satisfied, and after transacting the usual business, the team disbanded to meet next September under their newly elected captain, Harold Stamps, as "The scrappiest little team that ever wore the Ruby Red and Silver Gray."

"If ignorance were bliss, some of us would be so happy we should choke."—*Bay State Magazine*.

"Why is it that we rejoice at birth and grieve at a funeral? It is because we are not the person involved."—*Mark Twain*.

"A man is himself plus the books he reads."—*Dr. Cadman*.



A.H.S. Lined Up.



In Action.



Jimmie
and the
COACH



Foot ball



Joy Ride.



A.H.S. Squad.



Whod a
thunk it.



The Barkfield



Edwardsville
Squad



Flag
Rush



A.H.S. at Edwardsville



Before



After

High School Songs and Yells.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Alton! Alton! Alton!

Leader. Who? *Answer.* Alton!

Leader. Who? *Answer.* Alton!

Leader. Who?

Answer. Alton! Alton! Alton!

Ker flip! Ker flop! Ker flip, flop,
flam!

Ker flip, flop, flippy, and a flip, flop,
flam!

Ker flaw, ker flaw! Get beat?? Naw!

Alton! Alton! Rah! Rah! Rah!

LOCOMOTIVE YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Alton! Alton!
(Slowly.)

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Alton! Alton!
(Faster.)

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Alton! Alton!
(Very fast.)

Hoe Potater! Hoe Potater!

Half past Alligator!

Ram! Bam! Bulligator!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

Alton High School!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Allavevo! Allavivo!

Allavevo! Vivo! Vum!

Boom! Get a lot meet!

Bigger than a track meet!

Boom! Get a track meet!

Bigger than a lot meet!

Cannibal! Cannibal!

Sis! Boom! Bah!

Alton High School!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hulla-ba-ool-ya-ool-ya-oo!

Hulla-ba-ool-ya-ool-ya-oo!

Alton High School!

Boom! Ba! Zoo!

Alton High School!

Boom! Ba! Zoo!

THE CROW SONG.

(1)

There were three crows sat on a tree,
Bully for Alton High!

There were three crows sat on a tree,
Bully for Alton High!

There were three crows sat on a tree,
Their hearts were filled with ecstasy,
And they all flopped their wings and
cried,

Bully for Alton High!
And they all flopped their wings and
cried,

Bully for Alton High!

(2)

Said one old crow unto his mate,

Bully for Alton High!

Said one old crow unto his mate,

Bully for Alton High!

Said one old crow unto his mate,
Our track team can beat the State!
And they all flapped their wings and
cried,

Bully for Alton High!

Oski! Wow! Wow!

Skinny! Wow! Wow!

Alton High School,

Wow!

EVER TO ALTON.

See where the Alton banners fly,
Hark to the sound of tramping feet.

There is a host approaching nigh,
Alton is marching up the street,

Onward to victory again,
Marching with drum-beat and with
song,

Hear the refrain as it thunders along,
As it thunders along.

Behold we come to view

And wave our colors true

Whose arms are strong, whose hearts
are true

Ever to Alton, Ever to Alton!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Team! Team! Team!

BASKETBALL



1916

MS. 100



Basketball Team 1916.

PLAYER	POSITION
W. Tipton.....	Center.
R. Clayton	Forward.
F. Dodge	Forward.
M. Busse	Forward.
W. Gates (Captain)	Guard.
J. Parker.....	Guard.
C. Megowen	Guard.
G. Braun.....	Guard.

'15-'16 Basketball Season.

At the beginning of the '15-'16 basket-ball season the prospects for a successful year were indeed bright.

After a series of very hotly contested interclass games, the team played their first game of the season with the Alton Division of the Naval Reserves. Although Alton played a clean, fast game, they were unable to shoot enough baskets because of the immense (?) bulk of their opponents. It may be of interest to note that two of the High School players played with the I. N. R. to make the game more interesting. Score 38—13.

On the following Saturday, Alton played the fast Marissa team at the Y. M. C. A. "gym." We got the short end of the score in the first half, but "came back" in that characteristic Alton way and "cleaned" them in the second half. The team work was good. Braun deserves credit for his splendid work. Score 26—17.

Belleville was scheduled for Friday, but got "cold feet" and failed to appear.

Granite City was given the surprise of their lives when, on January 22nd, they played Alton at the Y. M. C. A. Fully expecting a walkaway, they were rather surprised when Alton gave them "a race for their money," and, although they did win, they worked hard for it. Dodge played a very spectacular and fast game.

The following Wednesday, Alton played East St. Louis. Their team, or, rather, their center—who did all the work for the team—only had to stand on his tiptoes and drop the ball into the basket. Alton lacked team-work and was unable to shoot when a chance was given them.

Determined to show G. C. H. S. a real fight, the team journeyed to Granite City accompanied by a car full of noisy rooters. However, after the game started, it was the "same old story." Superior team-work, with the advantage of playing on their own floor, gave Granite a 44-13 victory. Alton fought to the last ball, but could not hold them.

On the return trip the Alton sympathizers were allowed time enough to inspect the Federal Lead Company. After another special came from Granite, we proceeded homeward and we "didn't get

home until morning." ("Deac" took several of his chemistry children home.)

The second team defeated the Wood River team 36—8, February 12th. At no time was Alton in danger; but amused themselves shooting baskets.

Jerseyville, Alton's next victim, was defeated to the tune of 44—28. Jerseyville put up a plucky fight the first half, but could not withstand the fast team-work displayed by Alton in the second. It was a good game which Alton certainly deserved to win.

Confident that they would give some team a good race for the championship, Alton, accompanied by several rooters who traveled over as many different routes, left for Centralia, Illinois. Mt. Vernon was booked to defeat Alton, but, urged on by much cheering and singing on the part of the "travelers," Alton plowed into them, and when the dust had cleared we were the victors. Score 36—19. It was at this stage that the Alton rooters proudly marched in single file around the floor proudly bearing Mt. Vernon's little black easket. This was something entirely new to the Southerners, who whooped for joy, and ever afterward the Altonians were favorites.

Nashville, a team which was by far better than Granite, was too much for us, and, although Alton played hard to the last, we had to be satisfied with a 39—15 score.

The best game of the season was played on February 10th, when Alton journey to Jerseyville High. Alton won easily. Score 29—18. Busse and Parker starred for Alton.

W. M. A. played the last game with Alton. Our boys knew just as much about basket-ball as Western did, but a superfluous supply of beef gave them the advantage and victory. Score 44—20.

Complete Record of Basketball Season 1915-1916.

Date	Opponent	Score	Team	Score	Place
Dec. 23	Illinois Naval Reserves	38	Alton	13	at Armory.
Jan. 8	Marissa	17	"	26	at Y. M. C. A.
" 22	Granite City	42	"	34	at Y. M. C. A.
" 26	East St. Louis	30	"	21	at Y. M. C. A.
Feb. 4	Granite City	44	"	13	at Granite City.
" 12	Jerseyville	28	"	44	at Y. M. C. A.
" 25	Mt. Vernon	19	"	36	at Centralia.
" 26	Nashville	39	"	15	at Centralia.
Mar. 10	Jerseyville	18	"	29	at Jerseyville.
" 18	Western Military Academy	44	"	20	at W. M. A.
OPPONENTS,		TOTAL,	319	251	

Girls' Basketball Teams.

When the '15-'16 basket-ball season opened, a large number of girls from each class came out for practice. Their interest and enthusiasm as first displayed continued throughout the season; in fact, the players were so faithful in appearing for practice that it was a problem for the coach to give every girl an opportunity to play.

As no games were to be played with outside schools, it was decided to organize four teams, one for each of the classes, instead of one team to represent the High School.

After many hotly contested games, the teams were chosen as follows:

FRESHMEN.

Elsie Schmoeller, F. (Capt.)
Verna Foreman, F.
Anna Cobeck, C.
Helen Miller, G.
Margaret Walls, F.
Marion Dines, G.

JUNIORS.

Alva Joesting, F. (Capt.)
Mary Belle Wimber, F.
Helen Kauffman, C.
Harriett Hyndman, G.
Anna Schwab, G.
Jessie Jameson, G.

SOPHOMORES.

Ora Boland, F.
Lillie Moyer, F. (Capt.)
Gertrude Luer, F.
Edna McClure, C.
Mabel Loreh, G.
Ward Dale, G.
Millicent Rundel, G.

SENIORS.

Elsa Schaperkotte, F. (Capt.)
Loretta Holl, F.
Melba Green, C.
Lucille Unterbrink, G.
Margaret Schwab, G.
Stella Milford, F.

The girls entered the games determined to win, with the result that there were many "spills," etc., much shrieking and cheering for their respective teams. The first evening the Seniors won from the Juniors and the Sophomores won from the Freshmen. The following Friday the Seniors won from the Sophomores and therefore the championship of the school.

Although all teams played their hardest, the Seniors were noticeably the best team. They were well organized and won the championship through regular practice, excellent individual playing and consistent team-work.

Miss Peek, the coach, certainly deserves credit for the interest she aroused among the girls and the successful showing made by the teams.



SENIORS.



JUNIORS.



SOPHOMORES.



FRESHMEN.



Jim



The Little Run



McDon



Stamps at Webster



Up



Tipton



Stamps at Webster



W. B.



Parker



Lemon

TRACK



1916

MOORE



The Track Team, 1915.

The team was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable and at the same time one of the most successful teams that ever wore the ruby red and silver grey. It was remarkable in that, with a comparatively poor start, they were able to develop into a team to win the championship of Madison County, and successful, inasmuch that Alton was able to place in every event. The members of the team who placed were: Captain Archie Megowen, James Parker, Eugene Walter, Warren Tipton, Harold Stamps and Ralph Webb. Score: Alton, 33; Granite, 23; Collinsville, 22; W. M. A., 18.

The victory was fittingly celebrated by one of the greatest bursts of school spirit ever witnessed in A. H. S. The students assembled at the Y. M. C. A. and then proceeded through the downtown district, solemnly(?) bearing the caskets of Granite, Collinsville and Western. Amid a flow of oratory they were laid to rest, after which the entire assembly proceeded to Upper Alton to serenade Western. It was a jolly good time and a fitting celebration for such a well-earned victory.



The Track Team 1916.

On April 29, Tipton, Parker, Stamps and Megowen journeyed to Lebanon, Ill., to compete in the Southern Illinois Interscholastic track meet. Megowen sprained his ankle while jumping and could not complete the finals. Stamps failed to place in the hurdles while Tipton, who won his heat in the "220," got a bad start in the finals and failed to place. Jimmie Parker, one of the best distance runners in this part of the country, carried off a silver and gold medal. He won second in the half-mile and first in the mile.

After a week of hard practice, Alton met Carlinville and Western in the annual triangular meet. This is not an alibi or a hard luck sob, but luck certainly was against us—our star high jumper out with a sprained ankle and our best man in the 100 yard dash stumbling at the start.

The cause of our defeat cannot, however, be altogether laid here.

We slightly overestimated our own strength and woefully underestimated that of Western.

Parker took second in the high jump while Ohnsorg of U. A. took third. Tipton stumbled at the start and almost finished third with Dromgoole right behind him. In the pole vault we were treated to a pleasant break in the monotony of defeat by the excellent work of Ohnsorg, who took second. With practically no training he cleared the bar at ten feet in good form. Osborn jumped in hard luck and three times scraped the bar off after clearing it. Stamps took third in the "440" and although he took many chances of tiring himself for the hurdles, he ran a hard race.

Our greatest disappointment came when Captain Parker lost first in the "mile" and the "half" in two of the closest races ever seen at Alton.

Our weight men failed to place, but did the best they could.

The "Tatler" will have gone to press before the annual county meet takes place, but it is indeed safe to say that with good, consistent practice, Alton will make a much better showing at Western on May 20, than they did before.

Alton's Entries for the '16 Madison County Meet:

100 Yard Dash—Tipton, Dromgoole, Trout.

220 Yard Dash—Trout, Tipton, Dromgoole.

440 Yard Dash—Stamps, Mayford.

880 Yard Dash—Parker, Zoll.

Mile Run—Parker, Zoll.

220 Yard Hurdles—Stamps.

High Jump—Megowen, Ohnsorg.

Pole Vault—Ohnsorg, Stillwell, Megowen.

Running Broad Jump—Tipton.

Shot Put—Oehler, Ohnsorg.

Discus—Lemen, Kolb.

Relay—Dromgoole, Tipton, Stamps, Trout, Mayford.

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.—Mae Faulstich.

When thou hast eaten and art full.—After Football "Feed."

My heart is smitten.—"Bud" Chappell.

I am poor and needy.—"Spenc" Olin.



A Close Race



At Lebanon Apr 23-19



60' Men



Lebanon Apr 28



Parker leading six mile at Lebanon



Ornsorg-Gotag 11 1/2



"Tip" "Joe"



Stamp



The P. O. N.

CLASS ATHLETICS

60

BASKET-BALL.

The first game of the series was played between the Juniors and Sophomores. Both teams were about evenly matched, but, true to "dope," the Juniors won after a hard fast game. Score 16—12.

Immediately afterward the Seniors won easily from the Freshmen, 54—11.

The following day, the Freshmen, reinforced by a new "find," played a much better game against the Juniors, but were unable to "stem the tide of our onslaughts." Score 34—3.

The Seniors were rather surprised when the Sophomores, also greatly strengthened, defeated them to the tune of 17—12.

Fighting bravely against odds, the Freshmen lost their third game to the Sophomores.

Supported by the loyal spirit of the classes of '17, the Junior team slowly but surely fought their way to victory and the championship of Alton High School. Score 26—15.

The members of the Junior team were: Gates, Captain; Parker, Dodge, Mueller, Osborn and Knight.

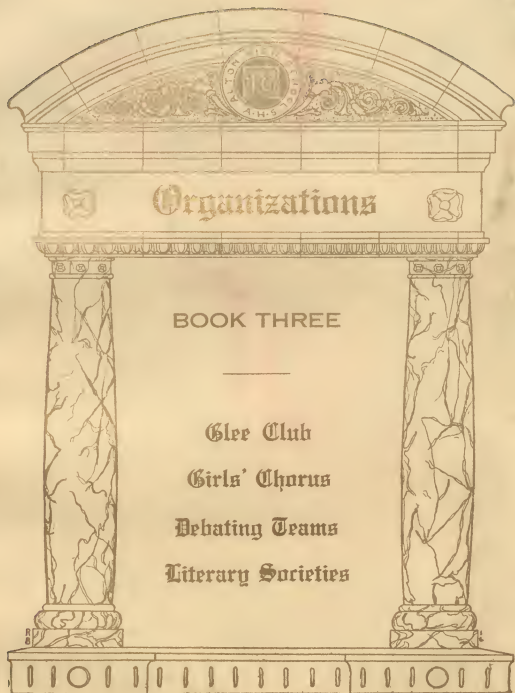
TRACK.

Because of the unfavorable weather conditions, the Inter-Class Track Meet was postponed until the end of the season. The "Tatler" will have gone to press, so that we are unable to state results.

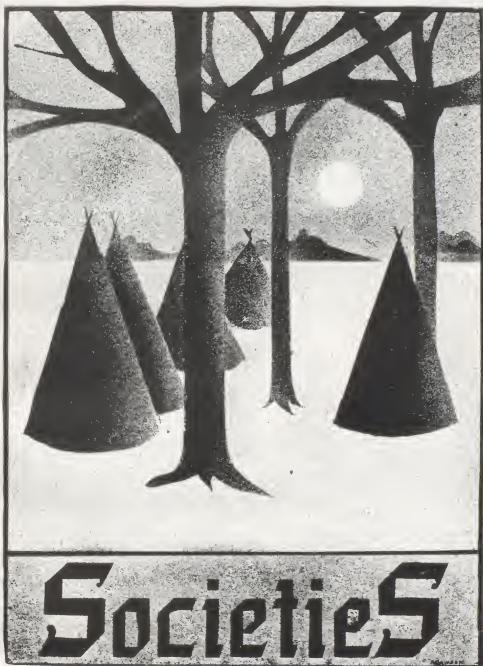
THE JUNIOR-SENIOR (?) FLAG RUSH.

Unaware of the rule against class rushes, fights and the like, the Classes of '17 challenged the Seniors to a flag rush. Preparations were made, and on the morning of November 16th the brown and gold flag of the Juniors was seen proudly floating in the breeze at the top of a large tree in the rear of the school. The Seniors failed to respond to the challenge and the flag remained unmolested until noon, when it was taken down by the Juniors.

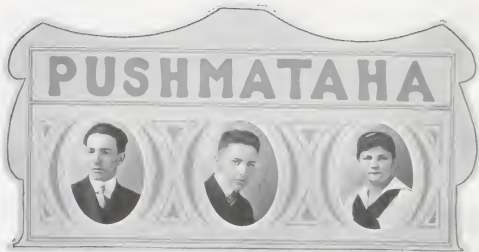
After proper explanation by Mr. Richardson, the classes agreed that hereafter the inter-class rivalry should be settled in the annual athletic contests.







Societies



Warren Tipton.

Carl Megowen.

Stella Milford.

Officers.

First Semester.
Warren Tipton
Carl Megowen
Stella Milford

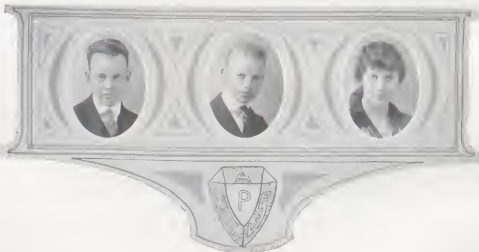
President
Vice-President
Secretary

Second Semester.
Edward Meriwether
Wilfred Gates
Faye Davis

Edward Meriwether.

Wilfred Gates.

Faye Davis.



Pushmataha

Verna Andrews	Wilfred Gates	Mary McPhillips
George Austermann	Helen George	Richard Martin
John Bailey	Cleda Ghent	Edith Mather
Merritt Bailey	Ethel Ghent	Thula Mathus
Minnie Beiser	Mildred Gifford	Walter Mawdsley
Charles Black	Mark Goodman	Carl Megowen
John Bockstruck	Grace Goodner	Wilhelmina Megowen
Alberta Brown	Carline Goudie	Clement Meriwether
Verna Brueggemann	Nina Goudie	Edward Meriwether
Robert Burns	Katharine Gratian	Marie Meyers
Lucy Calame	Alice Halton	Stella Milford
Sophia Calame	Fred Hatfield	Verna Miller
Margaret Campbell	Charles Halsey	Edward Morrow
Lucille Cartwright	Clara Hauser	William Munger
Edythe Challacombe	Mabel Henthorn	Margaret O'Donnell
Harley Caywood	Leland Hoffman	James Parker
James Chiles	Dorothy Horton	Lelia Perrings
Hildred Clevenger	Harriet Hyndmann	Roma Reilley
Grace Connerly	Jessie Jameson	Archie Riehl
Nina Corbett	Alva Joesting	Laverna Ruddy
Ward Dale	Margaret Johnston	Margaret Ruebel
Hazel Danbman	Willard Kamp	Arthur Schmoeller
Faye Davis	Robert Kelsey	Ross Sherwood
Mary Dawson	Lazell Kessinger	Tess Smith
Clement Deeds	Ellen Kittinger	Cecil Stahl
Frank Dodge	Alma Koch	Warren Tipton
Cicely Evans	Elmer Koch	Ray Tomlinson
Mae Faulstich	Paul Kopp	Lucille Unterbrink
Elinor Flagg	Alice Leese	Grace Walters
Ray Fredrickson	Mildred Linkogle	Minerva Whitlock
Perley Gaddis	Jessie Lowder	Helen Wilkinson
Gladys Garstang	Anna Lynn	Leland Winkler
Allyn Gaskins	Edna McClure	
Gladys Gates	Beulah McDow	



Marion Busse.

Samuel Lindley.

Helen Kauffman

Officers.

First Semester.

Marion Busse

Samuel Lindley

Elizabeth Wade

Helen Kauffmann, Pro Tem

President
Vice-President
Secretary

Second Semester.

Ray Bratfisch

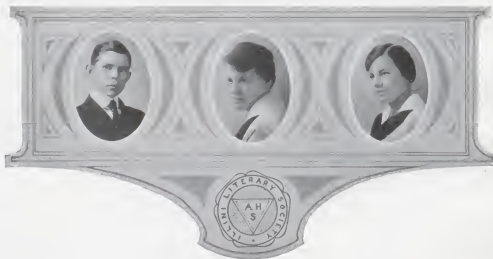
Loretta Holl

Melba Green

Ray Bratfisch.

Loretta Holl.

Melba Green.



Illini

Helen Applequist	Eleanor Jun	Emily Price
Ray Bratfisch	Gertrude Johnson	Eleanor Rice
Ross Bratfisch	Lucille Johnson	Glynn Rankin
John Blair	Melvel Keene	Margaret Rogerson
Elsie Barnhardt	Helen Kauffmann	Flora Rust
Ora Boland	Lillian Knight	Maud Rust
Marie Boyd	Velma Keyser	Ida Rubenstein
Marion Busse	Eldridge Lemen	Elizabeth Robinson
Edith Culp	Henry Lenhardt	Helen Rintoul
George Crawford	Sam Lindley	Harriet Rumsey
Eleanor Crain	Viola Lobbig	Helen Rose
Nelson Caldwell	Gertrude Luer	Norma Richl
Vernon Chiles	Mabel Loreh	Fred Scherrer
Cyrus Daniel	Elizabeth Maddock	Margaret Schwab
Harry Demuth	John McKee	Anna Schwab
Carrie Dependahl	Morris Mayford	Edwin Schweickhardt
Hedwig Dormann	Lucille Montgomery	Norma Scribner
Dorothy Ewan	Calla Meyers	Leland Smith
Eleanor Findley	Grace Miller	Ethel Strong
Clinton Ghent	Mamie Melling	Adelaide Tennis
Ray Ghent	Adele Nicolet	Harry Trout
Melba Green	Alice Nixon	Frank VanPreter
Howard Greene	Earl Osborn	Viola Voss
Adeline Gill	Mary Peters	Willard Waters
Leone Giberson	John Phillips	Ruth Weber
Gerald Gould	Henry Pace	Horace Weston
Erwin Hebner	Georgia Paterson	
Loretta Holl	Bernice Price	

His name was a terrible name, indeed.—Judson Gamertsfelder.

I am become a fool in glorying.—"Tickle" Richard.

Look down, ye gods! and on this couple drop a blessed crown.—Marie Meyers and Marion Busse.



William Kolb.

Wallace Colonius.

Elizabeth Koch.

Officers.

First Semester.

William Kolb
Wallace Colonius
Elizabeth Koch

President
Vice-President
Secretary

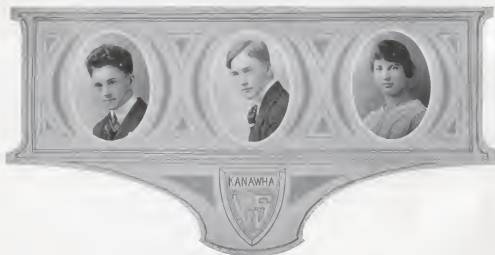
Second Semester.

Walter Stafford
Richard Clayton
Florence Mathie

Walter Stafford.

Richard Clayton.

Florence Mathie.



Kanawha

Earl Armour	Karl Koenig	Mathews Quigley
Anna Arter	Katherine Koch	Clifford Richards
John Bauer	William Kolb	Morris Rintoul
George Bennes	William Kruse	Millicent Rundel
Walter Bensinger	Jessie Laird	Emma Sawyer
Effie Bittle	William LaMothe	Hermon Schaller
William Brandeweide	Harry Luer	Elsa Schaperkotter
Lillian Brecht	Thula Mathas	Leon Sotier
Roland Brownhill	Francis Manning	Walter Stafford
Richard Clayton	Fred Mannsholt	Oscar Schoeffler
Mayme Collins	Florence Mathie	Charles Smith
Charles David	Henrietta Maxeiner	Haro! Stamps
Joseph Dromgoole	Wilbert Metzger	Edwin Stillwell
Margaret Fitzgerald	Helen Miller	Leo Sturgeon
Charles Forbes	Lily Moyer	Clara Thompson
Bessie Gascho	Albert Mozier	Helen Vahle
Hazel Gascho	Herbert Mueller	Almeida Weindel
McKinley Hamilton	Thelma Nunn	Wilma Webb
Gerhard Hoffmann	Charles Oehler	Harold Wright
Irving Hull	Spencer Olin	Roy Winchester
Azelda Hunt	Robert Paul	Walter Yackel
Lauretta Jun	Mitchell Petruzza	Reid Young
Amos Kirchoff	Wilfred Queen	

Long he labored, long and well (For the "Tatler.")—Bratfisch.

My strength is as the strength of ten.—Tipton.

I never felt the kiss of love, nor maiden's hand in mine.—"Bill" Kruse.

That 'twas a famous victory.—Junior-Senior B. B. game.



Edward Ohnsorg.

Sophia Hull.

Roy Deem.

Officers.

First Semester.
Edward Ohnsorg
Sophia Hull,
Roy Deem

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer

Second Semester.
Edward Ohnsorg
Lester Culp
Israel Streeper

Edward Ohnsorg.

Lester Culp.

Isreal Streeper.



Alethenae

Maggie Bantz	Sophia Hull
Ida Benish	Ava Karns
Dewey Bradley	Edward Ohnsorg
Lester Culp	Kathryne Pates
Roy Deem	Thelma Schmerge
Vernon Delner	Mary Seely
Eva Everson	Archie Stahl
Ruth Flory	Frederick Stahl
Theodore Franke	Israel Streeper
Gordon Green	Neil Travis
Myrtle Heinemann	Beatrice Welch
Edmund Hord	Bernice Williamson
Harry Howell	Lola Windsor

Helen Wyckoff

Her ready smile apparent warmth expressed.—Edith Challacombe.

*Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.*—Metz.

Even his failings leaned to virtue's side.—Bailey.

We were also sometimes foolish.—Seniors.

I abhor myself.—Leland Smith.

*"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke (?) had he."*—Louis Haight.

Even though vanquished, he could argue still.—Joe Dromgoole.

"Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing."—Editor, after "Tatler" has gone to press.



Joseph Clyne.

Mary Allen.

Irma Hecker.

Officers.

First Semester.

Joseph Clyne
Mary Allen
Irma Hecker

Second Semester.

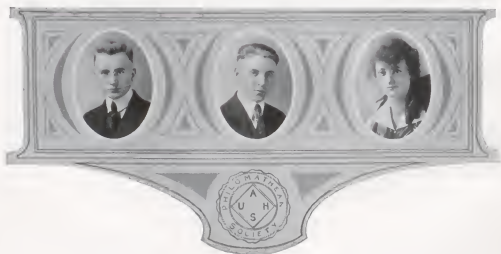
President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer

Don Morrow
Arthur Zoll
Irma Hecker

Don Morrow.

Arthur Zoll.

Irma Hecker.



Philomathean

Mary Allen	Gladys McReynolds
Theo Boyd	Mark Maley
Joseph Clyne	Ross Milford
William Dehner	Evelyn Morris
Irwin Dinges	Don Morrow
Nathan Edsall	Florence Mumford
Mary Elble	Sue Slocum
Irma Hecker	Eunice Todd
Nina Herrick	Mahala Wachter
Adele Hildebrand	Raymond Wenzel
Martin Hile	Charles Wightman
Viola Luer	Martha Williams

Arthur Zoll

"Forest trees once asked the fruit trees: 'Why is the rustling of your leaves not heard in the distance?' The fruit trees replied: 'We can dispense with the rustling to manifest our presence. Our fruits testify for us.'—The Talmud.

*" 'Tis the coward who stops at misfortune;
'Tis the knave who changes each day;
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away."
"There's little in life but labor,
And to-morrow may prove but a dream;
Success is the bride of Endeavor
And luck but a meteor's gleam."
—John Trotwood Moore.*

"Negative" Debating Team '16.



Edward Meriwether, Capt. Leo Sturgeon.

Joe Dromgoole.

After considerable difficulty a double debate was arranged with Granite City for March 31. Each school kept an affirmative team at home while it sent a negative team to its opponent.

Consequently our negative team journeyed to Granite to debate on the subject, "Resolved, That the Interest of Civilization Demands Disarmament Rather Than Armament."

Dromgoole showed clearly, in a grand review of history, that all advancement of civilization was through armament and insisted, therefore, that we need armament to retain civilization. His speech was well written and very forcibly delivered.

Captain Meriwether, the second speaker for the negative, furthered Dromgoole's argument by proving that civilization (nationally) requires armament for a police force, etc.

Sturgeon, although a new man in this field of work, very fittingly closed the argument of his colleagues with the plea, that armaments are a necessity and not an evil.

The rebuttal for Alton was given by Dromgoole, who was interrupted right at the start by a challenge from his opponent. The argument that followed gave Joe his point and he proceeded. Before he had finished the same point which was formerly under discussion, he was interrupted by the chairman (?) and told that he was getting away from the subject. Under such management it is not surprising when the decision was returned 2—1 in favor of Granite. Alton won the debate fairly and squarely, but was not given the decision. It may be of interest to say that the decision of one judge was withheld for about ten minutes until the returns were announced from Alton. Granite may have a few real sportsmen, but they surely are not in the majority by any means.

Mr. Haight, who coached the team, deserves credit for the splendid showing made in Granite and we hope that next year, with unbiased judges and fair conditions, that Alton will be successful.

“Affirmative” Debating Team '16.



Herbert Mueller, Capt.

Elmer Koch.

Walter Stafford.

The affirmative team remained in Alton and debated on the same question. The subject was treated, however, from an entirely different point of view.

Captain Mueller opened the discussion for the affirmative and showed, without a doubt, that civilization could reach its highest development only in time of peace, and since armaments hasten war, therefore, that armaments of war are destructive to civilization.

The first speaker for Granite contented himself with telling funny stories about Noah and his ark, and little innocent babies in Kansas. His stories (?) might have been interesting, but certainly not convincing.

Koch surprised everybody with the ease and fluency with which he proved that disarmament is necessary for social and economic reasons, to maintain peace.

Stafford concluded the arguments of his colleagues by showing that disarmament is practical, and when he finished, everyone in the audience was convinced Alton would get the decision.

After a very poor rebuttal from the negative, in which they were apparently unable to answer very many of our arguments, Mueller, in a cool and final manner, closed the debate with one of the greatest rebuttals ever given in an Alton High School debate. Not a person was surprised when a unanimous decision was returned for the affirmative.

Alton can and does claim a victory over Granite and although we did not get the decision in both debates, which we rightfully deserve, we won on points, 4—2.



Joe Dromgoole.

Oscar Schoeffler.

William Kolb.

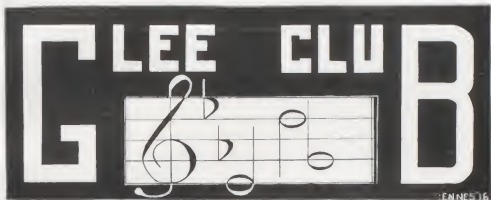
The Oratory-Extempore Team.

The annual clash of the oratorical and extempore talent of the Southern District of Illinois was held April 29th at Carterville. Alton pinned its hopes to William Kolb in the oration and sent Joseph Dromgoole and Oscar Schoeffler to compete in the extempore classic. As expected, and true to "custom," our team came through in great style. Kolb took fourth place in oration, while Dromgoole was awarded third in extempore. Schoeffler was handicapped by a lack of experience in extempore work and failed to place. Despite this fact he made a surprisingly good showing. His topic was "Military Training in the Schools," which he handled in a telling manner. Schoeffler has still another year and should "make good."

Kolb, although in his Senior year, was making his "debut" as an orator. His oration was a wonderful discourse on modern humanism. The three orators who took the floor before Kolb so electrified and hypnotized the audience with emotional war orations that the full weight and value of "A Plea for the Brotherhood of Man" was lost on them.

As for the silver-tongued orator, several times winner of the district extempore contests, and a well-known man in debating circles, we take off our hats to him. We must attribute his defeat to cruel, cruel Fate, as he lost by only the smallest fraction of one point. His subject, "Mothers' Pensions," was an extremely hard one to handle, but he did his best and thus made a fitting finish of a brilliant school career in this field.

LEO STURGEON.



Earl Armour
 George Austermann
 Nelson Caldwell
 Harley Caywood
 Harold Chappell
 Vernon Chiles
 Edwin Cox
 Ross Bratfisch
 Ray Bratfisch
 John Bauer
 George Bennes
 Joe Dromgoole
 Ray Fredrickson
 Mark Goodman
 Gerald Gould
 Robert Goulding
 Irwin Green
 Charles Halsey
 Wilbur Halsey
 Robert Hayes
 Raymond Henderson

Ross Sherwood

Eugene Herman
 Eugene Hochstuhl
 Phillip Jacoby
 Robert Kelsey
 Emil Kehr
 Paul Kopp
 Charles La Mothe
 William La Mothe
 Henry Lenhardt
 Edward Levis
 Samuel Lindley
 Harry Luer
 Morris Mayford
 Clement Meriwether
 William Munger
 William Nixon
 Earl Osborn
 Robert Paul
 Archie Riehl
 Harry Schaefer
 Arthur Schmoeller

Let me not burst in ignorance.—Joe Melling.

If you have tears prepare to shed them now.—Schedule of "Finals."



GIRLS CHORUS

Virginia Adams
Marie Amrhein
Verna Andrews
Lillian Arnold
Anna Arter
Edna Bailey
Louise Bauer
Fernita Bierbaum
Viola Bierbaum
Leona Bissinger
Effie Bittle
Viola Blakely
Ora Boland
Marie Boyd
Lillian Brecht
Alberta Brown
Lucy Calame
Margaret Campbell
Lucille Cartwright
Edith Challacombe
Elizabeth Chiles
Hildred Clevenger
Anna Cobeck
Grace Connerly
Helen Corbett
Nina Corbett
Doris Coyle
Eleanor Crain
Ruth Dale
Hazel Daubman
Della Davis
Faye Davis
Velma Deeds
Carrie Dependahl

Marion Dines
Hedwig Dormann
Alice Leese
Mildred Linkogle
Cicely Evans
Dorothy Ewan
Mae Faulstich
Eleanor Finley
Lena Fischer
Margaret Fitzgerald
Verena Flach
Elinor Flagg
Perley Gaddis
Gladys Garstang
Josephine Gascho
Gladys Gates
Mildred Gifford
Adaline Gill
Helen Goudie
Carline Goudie
Nina Goudie
Marian Goudie
Katherine Gratian
Melba Green
Lucille Grigsby
Emma Harris
Loretto Hall
Gertrude Horn
Azelda Hunt
Edith Hyatt
Alva Joesting
Eugenia Joesting
Lauretta Jun
Helen Kauffmann

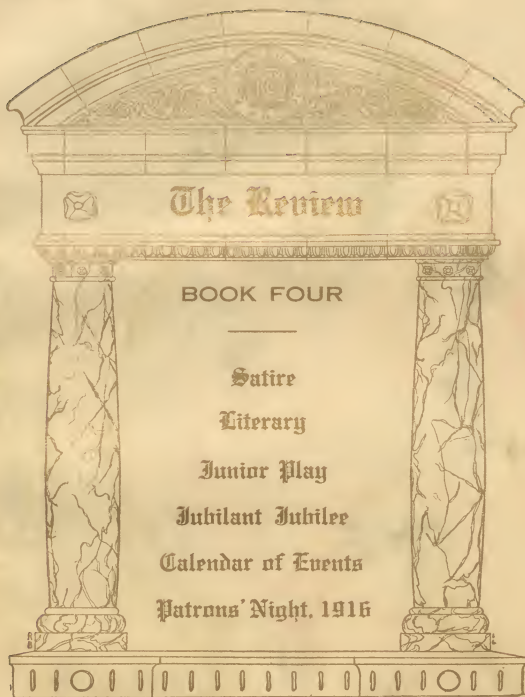
Helen Keller
 Ellen Kittinger
 Elizabeth Koch
 Katherine Koch
 Mabel Lorch
 Jessie Lowder
 Elizabeth Maddock
 Edith Mather
 Nina Mather
 Florncce Mathie
 Thula Mathus
 Edna McClure
 Mildred McDonald
 Beulah McDow
 Mary McPhillips
 Wilhelmina Megowen
 Calla Meyers
 Marie Meyers
 Stella Milford
 Helen Miller
 Vern Miller
 Lucille Montgomery
 Lillie Moyer
 Adele Nicolet
 Evelyn Nicolet
 Edith Nitsche
 Alice Nixon
 Thelma Nunn
 Margaret O'Donnell
 Lucille Osborne
 Georgia Patterson
 Emma Pfeffer
 Margaret Penning
 Mary Peters
 Eleanor Rice
 Rose Rice
 Norma Riehl
 Helen Rintoul
 Elizabeth Robinson
 Margaret Rogerson

Lillian Wutzler

Thelma Roller
 Helen Rose
 Ida Rubenstein
 Laverna Ruddy
 Harriet Rumsey
 Millicent Rundel
 Mary Russell
 Flora Rust
 Emma Sawyer
 Elsa Schaperkotter
 Bertha Schippert
 Elsie Schmoeller
 Dorothy Schneider
 Olga Schoeffler
 Helen Schrigley
 Cordelia Schuette
 Margaret Schwab
 Anna Schwab
 Norma Scribner
 Lois Simpson
 Tess Smith
 Myrtle Springer
 Loraine Stamps
 Ethel Strong
 Clara Thompson
 Lucille Tingley
 Alice Twing
 Lucille Unterbrink
 Verla Utt
 Helen Vahle
 Eva Voorhees
 Margaret Walls
 Grace Walter
 Ruth Weber
 Almeda Weindell
 Mildred Wenzel
 Minerva Whitlock
 Dorothea Will
 Mary Wohnlich
 Lucille Wright



Elected by the Subscribers of the "Tatler" as
The Prettiest Girl *The Most Popular Boy*
 In Alton High School.





DRAMATICS



1916







"A Bachelor's Romance."

"Yes, without doubt it was the best play ever presented by High School students in Alton." Such was the opinion of the greater part of the audience who braved the weather and packed the Temple Theater on Friday evening, May 12th, to see the comedy, "A Bachelor's Romance."

Marion Busse, the "bachelor," Mr. David Holmes, played the lead with the air of an "old-timer." The development of character was plainly evident and his rejuvenation led to a very happy climax.

The part of Gerald Holmes, David's wayward brother, was played by Charles Forbes, who entered the spirit of the play to such an extent that, in the third act, when he was slightly under the influence of liquor (?), he was given a round of applause that went up from all parts of the house as he made his exit.

Wilma Webb, as Harriet Leicester, who played opposite Gerald, acted the part of a society girl with a haughty air, in a very realistic manner. She responded to Gerald's words of love in such a way that "they lived happily ever afterward."

The play could not have been complete without the two ardent suitors, Harold Reynolds (Henry Lenhardt) and Savage (Horace Weston). Henry's interpretation of a man whose head had been turned by the winning of a \$10,000 literary prize was indeed good, while Weston's love for Mrs. Helen Le Grand was, as she put it, "oh, so natural."

As a woman of the world who at first was "soured" on everything and later in the play one in "whom Nature had awakened her heart and cured her heartache," Mabel Henthorne played a difficult part in a very pleasing and clever manner.

"I'm old enough to take care of myself at any time, sir!" said Miss Clementina—and she surely did look the part, too. A more realistic old maid with a sharp tongue could not have been found other than in Leone Giberson. She deserves much credit for the way in which she handled her lines in the very heavy parts throughout the play.

Mulberry and Martin Beggs, two bookworms and the latter David's secretary and confidential man, played their parts so well that, to use the vernacular of the street, the old maids just "fell for them." Not once did the younger element in the two boys become evident. They lived their parts and the audience lived it with them.

Harriet Hyndman's part was perhaps the shortest in the play, but while she was on Annie Pettingill was a living character.

The most pleasing character in the play was Sylvia Somers (Helen Kauffman). Her interpretation of the type of American girl whom we all know, and like to meet, was indeed good. Her quiet, natural manner captivated the audience while she was slowly but surely winning "the man she loved." She was ably assisted by Elizabeth Flynn in playing the part of Sylvia Somers at the age of 4.

Many people have tried to select the "star" of the evening, only to reach the inevitable conclusion that the entire cast were "stars." The cast enjoys the distinction of presenting one of the biggest, heaviest plays without prompting or even so much as a "hitch."

The cast cannot be praised too highly, but there are others who deserve equal credit. Thanks are due and freely given to Miss Naylor, who coached the cast, and Miss Wempen, who superintended the finances.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

David Holmes, literary critic on The Review	Marion Busse
Gerald Holmes (his brother—pleasure-loving, a man of the world)	Charles Forbes
Martin Beggs (David's secretary and confidential man)	Arthur Schmoeller
Harold Reynolds (on the staff of The Review)	Henry Lenhardt
Mr. Mulberry (a literary man with a classical education which he cannot turn into money)	Robert Kelsey
"Savage" (a modern literary man)	Horace Weston
Miss Clementina (a maiden lady with a sharp tongue)	Leone Giberson
Helen Le Grand (David's sister, a widow and woman of the world)	Mabel Henthorne
Harriet Leicester (a society girl)	Wilma Webb
Sylvia Somers (David's ward)	Helen Kauffman
	Assisted by Elizabeth Flynn
Annie Pettingill (Miss Clementina's maid)	Harriet Hyndman
The Musician (who does not appear)	Adeline Gill

Know ye not that they that run in a race, run all, but only one receiveth the prize?—"Tatler" Beauty-Popularity Contest.

They die without knowledge.—Flunkers.

Violence shall no longer be heard in this land.—"B. C." after Junior-Senior (?) Flag Rush.

Patrons' Night, 1916.

The attendance at the exhibition of High School work was undoubtedly the largest, and the interest displayed was the most enthusiastic, since "Patrons' Night" was made an annual event. The several exhibitions and the program given in the Assembly Room surpassed all expectations and previous attempts.

During the past year, under the able supervision of Mr. Ritcher, the boys in the Manual Training Department were able to turn out a display of woodwork which can hardly be surpassed anywhere. It attracted more attention than any other exhibit and cannot be commended too highly.

The drawing exhibit was a work of art and was enjoyed by all. It will in all probability capture several prizes at the State exhibition.

A guide to the Domestic Science Department would have been impractical, because to get there one only "had to follow his nose." A class of girls were at work making a variety of good things and a large quantity of cookery was on exhibition. The course is very popular this year, due to the fact, perhaps, that this is Leap Year and the "girlies'" thoughts lightly turn to "love" and housekeeping.

The boys' physical culture classes, and the folk dances by the girls under the supervision of Miss Peck, were novelties in the way of entertainment.

The playlet entitled "Economy" was cleverly presented by the following cast: Alexander Dabbelton, Ray Bratfisch; Lila Dabbelton (his wife), Marie Meyers; Mr. Flover and Mrs. Flover, friends of the Debbeltons, William Kolb and Helen Guyer; "Doctor," Joe Dromgoole; "Maggie," Lucille Unterbrink.

Faye Davis and Marion Busse gave a very amusing and delightful interpretation of "A Pair of Lunatics."

William Kolb played several selections on the xylophone which were very highly appreciated by the audience who went home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

HORACE WESTON.

*Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them.—
"Jubilant Jubilee" Minstrels.*

She is proud knowing nothing.—Faye Davis.

The day's disasters in his morning face.—Clayton H. Houts.



A CORNER OF THE MANUAL TRAINING EXHIBIT.



MANUAL TRAINING ROOM A. H. S.

“The Jubilant Jubilee.”

On Friday evening, February 11th, the Senior-Junior Class presented one of the most successful entertainments ever staged in the Alton High School Auditorium, to one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled in it. The proceeds were used for the '15 and '16 “Tatler.”

“Bills,” a farce in one act, was cleverly presented by Charles Forbes as Mr. S. R. Jones, a lawyer, and Dorothy Horton and Marion Busse as Mrs. and Mr. Jack Davis.

Henry Lenhardt, assisted by Harry Schaefer, was the surprise of the evening. Laurant'ski and Co., the only living rivals of the famous Laurant, presented a series of well executed tricks of magic which were well received by all.

A sketch, “The Teeth of the Gift Horse,” was successfully interpreted by the following cast:

Richard Butler.....	Clement Deeds
Florence Butler, his wife.....	Mary Peters
Marietta Williams, his aunt.....	Loretta Holl
Ann Fischer } Friends of {	Eleanor Findley
Devlin Blake } the Butlers. {	Edward Meriwether
Katie, the maid.....	Leone Giberson

The entertainment was brought to a fitting climax by the “A. H. S. Minstrels,” the first of its kind ever presented by High School students. Many of the popular songs and parodies were sung by such renowned soloists as Dromgoole, Schaefer, Crivello, Kolb, Stamps, Busse, Degenhardt and Caldwell, who were ably supported by Osborn, Oehler, Chappell, La Mothe, Trout, Gates, Munger and Schmoeller in the choruses. Collins at the piano and Kolb at the xylophone assisted materially in the success of the minstrels. Much credit is due Joseph Dromgoole, who coached the boys and took the part of interlocutor.

After the entertainment the Domestic Science Department served hot chocolate and wafers in the lower hall, which was very prettily decorated. Candy of all kinds was sold and a considerable amount of cash realized.

We are indebted to Wm. Joesting Clothing Co., H. M. Schweppe Co. and Davis-Sotier Furniture Co. for their invaluable aid.

Much credit is also due and willingly given to Miss Naylor, Miss Wempen and Miss Gunderson, who so ungrudgingly gave up their time that we might stage an entertainment of which every High School student can justly be proud.

OSCAR SCHOEFFLER.

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER.

7. School opens. Freshmen look like spectators at aviation meet.
9. Dromgoole reads petition, which asks for financial support of athletics by the Board. Yells, freshmen scared, turn a shade greener, and seem all eyes.
10. Haight in assembly room. "Gladys, move in front of transverse aisle." Gladys moves; Lucile Cartwright ditto. Haight: "If your conscience hurts you, stay there." She did.
22. Board appropriates several hundred for athletics. "Thanks, gentlemen."
23. Tatler Board elected.
24. Societies elect officers.
25. (U. A.) Mr. Lowry "hates to see absent pupils."
30. Parker elected captain of football team.

OCTOBER.

2. Football game with Whitehall. Score: W. H., 7; A. H. S., 0.
4. Yells and speeches. (U. A.) Football team organized.
5. Mr. Houts is twenty minutes late for 8:00 o'clock class. Moral: Don't get married.
6. Freshman calls "headgear" a "helmet."
15. Edith Mather elopes with motorcycle friend at noon hour.
18. Hot debate on Woman Suffrage in Modern History class.
20. (U. A.) Society officers elected. B. B. team organized.

23. Alton plays McKinley High. Disastrous results.

25. } WHOOPEE!
26. } Holidays.
27. } Teachers' Institute.
29. First pictures taken for the "Tatler."
30. Game with Edwardsville.

NOVEMBER.

1. "Push" picnic.
4. Illini picnic.
6. Alton loses to East St. Louis, 6—0.
8. Yells and speeches. Everybody happy, even Mr. Houts.
9. Ruff-nek day. Ruff-neks entertain citizens with a parade.
13. Game with Carrollton. Score, 13—6.
15. Celebration; ragtime by Schaefer.
16. Junior-Senior (?) flag rush.
19. Houts talking of Alton chances of winning from Carlinville. "Of course, Carlinville hasn't a REGULAR coach, like Alton has."
20. Clean-Up Day in Carlinville by A. H. S. football team. Score, 9—3.
22. Yells and speeches over our football victory.
23. Baby day, bobbed hair and curls.
25. Morning—Turkey game with W. M. A.'s second, 3—2. Afternoon—(U. A.) ties Alton's second.
26. } Holidays!
27. } More
28. } Bliss!

29. Team entertains A. H. S. students first hour with songs and speeches. Football season closes. (U. A.) also celebrates over football game. Mr. Parker: "You sophomores must be good and set an example for the children."
30. B. B. practice begins.

DECEMBER.

6. Juniors and Seniors win from Sophs and Freshmen.
8. Juniors win championship of A. H. S. Score, 26-15.
15. Snow. "Boys, clean off your shoes; that's what the mats are there for."
18. (U. A.) Ice. Mr. Lowry fell and broke a leg—of the piano stool.
21. Preliminary debate. Mueller wins first place.
22. Forbes don't like chairs in Haight's room; brings his nursery chair.
24. Christmas program. Seniors wish all a Merry Christmas and Hapy New Year. (U. A.) Nina Herrick wants Santa to bring her a beau.

JANUARY.

3. Misery! School starts again. (U. A.) Ted O. catches Miss Perrin under the mistletoe. Oh, awful!
7. Meriwether complains that father locked up the lawn mower and so he cannot shave.
8. B. B. game with Marissa. A. H. S., 26; M., 17.
11. Miss Cartwright causes quake; slips and falls on ice. Upon rising, says "No damage done."
14. B. B. game called off. Belleville gets cold feet.
20. Forbes wears a red carnation in memoriam of his dead intellect (he says so himself).
21. Wailing and gnashing of teeth. (Final schedule appears).

22. Alton plays Granite at "Y. M."
24. First day of finals. School sings "Lead, Kindly Light."
27. Class Day.
28. Graduation.
31. Freshmen, freshmen, freshmen—and still more freshmen.

FEBRUARY.

1. Cold, cold, awful cold.
4. First speech by "Jud." Special car to Granite, returning car stopped to let students inspect "Federal Lead." (U. A.) Alethenæ give Kid program.
10. Everybody busy preparing for the Jubilant Jubilee.
11. Jubilant Jubilee a great success.
12. A. H. S. wins from "Jerseyburg."
12. (U. A.) Ted celebrates Lincoln's birthday all in his own way, by sliding down the drain pipe.
13. Football "feed."
22. Washington Birthday Program.
23. Team begins a hard grind in preparation for tournament.
26. B. B. team leaves for tournament.
28. Students are told of the great games played at Centralia.

MARCH.

4. Team plays Jerseyville. Second team plays Woodriver.
6. Celebration over double victory.
11. B. B. game with Western.
14. School rather lifeless. No athletics for a while.
17. Indoor track ls started, preparatory to work-out on the field.
20. Extempore try-out. Dromgoole and Schoeffler are chosen.
30. Kolb wins in oration.
31. Alton loses to Granite, 2-1, and wins at home, 3-0, in Debate.

APRIL.

3. Celebration over debate victory. Halght explains Granite's "punk deal."
7. Morning—Excitement over approaching interclass track meet.
Afternoon—Postponed because of rain.
10. Helen Wilkinson asleep in the assembly hall. "Helen, you had better tell him good night sooner next Sunday evening."
11. "Louder" Jessie has pleasant dreams.
12. "Red" Morrow demonstrates the method of testing the strength of the cloth in his suit by sliding down the steps.
13. Freshmen are getting as fresh as grass.
17. "Mabs" Henthorn informs us that she knows the Mexicans at Western.
18. Shurtleff finally refused to manage the county track meet.
19. Interclass meet postponed indefinitely.
24. A. H. S. tennis tournament starts.
27. Schoeffler, Kolb, Dromgoole leave for Carterville.
Track team and the "travelers" go to Lebanon.
28. Patrons' Night. Everybody pleased.

MAY.

6. Triangular track meet; Alton, Western, Carlinville, at Western field.
10. "The Bunch" stay at Temple all night to get tickets reserved for Junior Play.
11. "A Bachelor's Romance" by Junior Class a "howling" success. Best ever!
12. Forbes entertains cast during the early morning hours.
Play pictures taken.
Fellows leave for State meet at Champain.
16. Mr. Metz tells about County meet.
Shows loving cups.
"Alton hosts to entire County."
17. Miss Naylor entertains Junior play cast.
19. Yells for track team. Schmoeller elected cheer leader.
20. Morning—"Ah! (with a sigh of relief): the Tatler's gone to press."—Editor.
Madison County Meet at Western M. A. Competitors: Western, Collinsville, Edwardsville, Granite City and Alton.

The Lark.

(With Apologies to Roe's "Raven.")

Noise by Gillham.

Song by Stafford.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while we wandered weak and leary
Through the noble town of Brooklyn, near the Mississippi shore—
As we wandered, far from napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
And an old night-cop was rapping, rapping on my belfry door.
"Who is this," I cried with terror, "rapping on my belfry door?"
Fear I felt, and nothing more!

Then a shining star and billy fairly knocked me stiff and silly,
Dazed me, crazed me with fantastic terrors never felt before,
Till I heard, above the beating of my heart, the cop repeating:
"These are visitors entreating entrance at our city door—
Some late visitors entreating entrance at our city door—
These they are and maybe more!"

Suddenly we heard a bumping, and that old 'bus came a-thumping,
Thumping down the rough-paved street, with a rattling, banging roar.
Down there jumped two sturdy coppers, who urgently called us whoppers,
Cussed us that we came a-tapping, tapping at their city door.
"To the station we will ride you!"—Here they opened wide the door.—
Pinched were we,—alas! what more?

Deep into the darkness peering, long we rode there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreading things no Seniors ever had to dread before.
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
Till there came a word scarce spoken; 'twas the muttered word
"Begone!"

Merely this and nothing more.

Soon before the captain stood we, and he started in to grill me.
Searching through the many letters, letters from my Ellenore.
"Surely," quoth the captain to me, "surely, lad, but she must love thee;
By the stars that shine above me, she's a girl you should adore;
For such terms in true love letters never have I seen before—
Never have I seen before!"

Then when we were duly searched, into the lock-up we were lurched,
And upon a bench we perched,—hard, it was, as bed of ore.—
Soon we heard the wagon bumping, as again it came a-thumping;
Then there was a sound of dumping, right before our prison door,
And a "drunk" was thrust inside, as they opened wide the door.
Quoth the captain, "Bums gaire!"

As we 'round the cells went pacing, little things came out a-racing
From the cushion's ragged lining, drove "Ham" thence onto the floor.
"Sure," we cried, "we're all agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet did dream of sleeping, sleeping in this hole before.
On the morrow we will leave here,—other bums have left before;
We'll return here?—Nevermore!"

Soon approached a pompous turnkey, and a tread of thunder had he;
Long we watched him through the grating, watched him sweep the
corridor.
Cold and hungry, yet undaunted in this hole by horrors haunted,
Toward him then we boldly sprinted, wailing: "Tell us, we implore,
Is there—is there eats in this shack?—Tell us truly, we implore!"
Quoth the turnkey, "Not no more."

Hours we pined in that old hole, with beds so small we couldn't roll,
While through the black darkness of the night we could hear our
neighbors snore.
Eagerly we wished the morrow; vainly we did try to borrow
Cigarettes to drown our sorrow, sorrow for the coming morrow;
But the only word there spoken was the turnkey's word, "No more—
Was the turnkey's word, "No more."

While upon my pallet turning, all my soul within me burning,
Now again I heard a banging, heard a banging of the door.
In there stepped a stately captain of the days of Civil War.
Not the least obsequance made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with grave and stern decorum hauled us through the prison door.
Quoth the captain, "Scrub the floor."

Then at once our souls grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
"Ham" and "Red" seized each a broomstick, scurried dust across that
floor.
Gillham hastened with the water, swirling soapsuds quickly after
Into dark and ill-kept corners of that jail-room's well-worn floor,—
Corners into which much water never had been slung before.
Aqua pura? Nevermore!

Then the captain, without pity, shouted: "Get out of this city!
Get you hence into the Altons, never let me see you more.
Take no broom or mop as token of your lark so sadly broken."
At these words so wildly spoken, passed we out that station door,
Passed we to the street-car waiting, scorning freights of the Big Four.
Big Four freight-cars?—Nevermore!

"Fits."

Weary Willie leaned heavily on his hoe in the small garden-square back of the Mackintosh cottage. He had been disturbing, in a way, the surface, or, rather, the very upper layer of the surface, with a spade. He had spaded about six feet in this fashion when he was overcome with the unwonted exertion and moodily soliloquized:

"Trust a girl to have silly ideas! That old woman would have sniffed and given me a meal off of a tin plate; but no, that young'un must butt in—'Will you spade in my garden for a meal?' What a smile! I never was hoodooed into work before. But she's sure a peach!"

He began breaking the clods again as a door opened and closed and he heard voices.

"How deep do you think the soil should be tilled, mother?"

"Now, don't ask me, Drusilla! I've told you often enough, if you must have a garden, you must have it without my help!" said a high-pitched, supercilious voice.

"But how can I learn to cook without decent vegetables?" came in fresh young tones.

"Well, I'm humoring you and your father enough by coming out to this forlorn hole, just so you can carry out your new ideas of learning cooking and housekeeping. When I was young, girls were ashamed to do servant's work. Now——"

The high-pitched voice was interrupted.

"I'm awfully sorry, and all that," Drusilla cut into the often-told plaint. "I can't help it, I'm so different." She sighed heavily and started off. "I'm going to see how my gardener's getting along."

But when she reached the "gardener" the effect of her smile upon him had worked itself off. He dropped the hoe as she approached.

"My grub ready yet?" he said with savage eagerness.

"Yes, yes!" Drusilla assured him, and fled before his fierceness.

Presently she returned, bringing a well-filled tray to him where he sat on the back steps. From the window she watched with awe and repulsion the disappearance of the food. How could a person eat so much and so fast?

When every bit was gone, he smiled contentedly, gazed reflect-

ively at the garden as though almost tempted to finish his task, then rubbed his aching arms, frowned, and carried the tray to the door.

"Work sure makes a man hungry," he said as he saw her glance at the empty dishes.

"Work!" scoffed Drusilla, a few minutes later. "'A man!' An old hen with chickens could scratch deeper. I'll have to plant lettuce here, for nothing else could grow. Dear me! I'm going to have a garden if I have to spade every bit of it myself, so I am!"

And she began. She took great squares of ground at each spadeful, and gasped as she heaved each spadeful over.

"Don't you want some help?" said a man's voice.

Drusilla jumped so that she almost dropped the sharp edge of the spade on her foot, and looked up to see a strong, athletic-looking young man on the other side of the fence. He wore blue jeans, but was clean-shaven and with barber-cut hair—two things noticeable for their absence in all the men here she had seen so far.

"Why, yes, I do," she said. "A spadeful seems so heavy to me."

"Take littler bites, see?" he advised as he took about a two-inch slice of soil, which crumbled easily as it fell over.

"Oh, no; you can go on taking big spadefuls and I'll crumble it up; then we'll get through sooner. I'm afraid it's going to rain, anyway." And, well satisfied, she knelt down by the side of the spaded ground and began smashing the clods between her hands.

Francis Malone gasped. He had thought himself green enough when he had come to the farm to try to get some strength into his feeble brother, subject to nervous fits; but this! Who could she be, anyhow? But Drusilla, blissfully unconscious, crumbled clods for some time before Francis could frame a speech.

"Are you going into the gardening business?" he asked.

"Yes, I am learning the art of keeping a home, this summer——" She flushed at his quick look at her ringless left hand. "Oh—only in case of emergency," she answered him; then went on—"And out here there doesn't seem to be any way of getting fresh vegetables to experiment on, unless I raise them myself."

"Well," said Francis, "my brother and I are running that farm where you see the white house, on that hill over there, and you—if you——" he floundered. It was hard to offer advice to one so hopelessly ignorant of the fact she needed it. As he paused, Drusilla looked at him, startled. "You know most people use a rake to clear out clods," he went on.

Drusilla jumped up, her face crimson.

"I know I'm green—don't try to keep from laughing at me," she exclaimed.

"I'm not laughing," he vowed.

A painful silence ensued.

"Some women—lots of women, in fact"—he lied hastily—"do do it that way, but you looked as if you meant business, and that kind usually do as we farmers do—with a rake, like this."

Drusilla smiled at him gratefully, and was even more seriously affected than the tramp had been. He would gladly have stayed all day and spaded, but he thought apprehensively of affairs at home. He and his brother Ned had been attending Yale. But while he had gone in mostly for athletics, studious, ambitious Ned, who in his youth had been subject to fits, had worried himself into such a condition that his old trouble, which he seemed to have outgrown, came back. Their father, a doctor, in great alarm, had hurried them both to this farm, fifteen miles from Topeka, Kansas, in hopes of helping Ned by the life in the open air. Ned had felt very much depressed when Francis left that morning and he felt worried lest his brother might be ill while he was gone. He was trying to think of some excuse for leaving when the high-pitched voice came to them.

"Drusilla, are you still out there with that tramp?"

"Oh, mother!" protested the girl.

Francis picked up his big straw hat from where he had tossed it and made preparations for immediate departure.

"I am Francis Malone. My brother and I keep batch over on the Hill. We're your nearest neighbors and I'm a very neighborly neighbor," he briefly summarized. "May I come around in the morning to see if any of the seeds are up?"

"I'm Drusilla Mackintosh, and Mamma and I are out here—the folks homesteaded here before my time—because Dad and I believe it's the only way to finish a girl's education," she explained in turn. "But it's rough on Mother. As for seeds, I never thought about them. One has to have them, of course?" She pondered.

"Maybe I can find some at home; if I can I'll bring them along tomorrow," he promised.

"Oh, you're doing too much," Drusilla objected.

"But that's the way to be neighborly—you can help us with the cooking in threshing time," he assured her, as she hesitated.

"Can I, really? What fun!" she cried.

Francis laughed. "Then, till tomorrow!" And he lifted his straw hat as though it were a Panama, vaulted the fence, and strode away, leaving Drusilla staring.

"He's no regular farmer," she told herself. And she in turn pondered, "Who can he be?" Then she went in to explain to her mother.

Mrs. Mackintosh sniffed. "They looked just about the same. I should think a refined young lady——" But Drusilla had fled to the kitchen.

Breakfast was scarcely over at the Mackintosh cottage the next morning when a cheery whistle was heard, and there was Francis Malone, in his farmer outfit, coming across the field. He stopped in the garden and Drusilla went out to him. How strong he seemed! Where did he get that bearing? Somehow she just couldn't think of him as a farmer.

"Say, do you know, I've searched the farm over, and couldn't find a grain of seed except these onion sets," he began.

They both laughed merrily.

"But, seriously," began Drusilla.

"Seriously," Malone interrupted, "it's only about fifteen miles to Topeka, and if you like I will drive over with you in the morning. You can shop, we'll have dinner there, and be back before dark. Will you? Wonderful scenery all the way, too."

"Why, why—I'd love to, but—let's go ask Mamma, and if she doesn't mind——"

Mrs. Mackintosh was duly presented. With her appraising eye, she judged him much as her daughter had done; and when he neither crushed her hand nor shook her arm out of its socket, she was very gracious.

"Why, that will be very nice indeed. I've been wanting to do some shopping ever since we came," she said.

Drusilla gasped, and then was furious that she had given herself away. But Malone gave no sign of any change of plan.

"And we'd better start early," he was suggesting, and was gone before Drusilla had recovered from her surprise. She knew better than to suggest to her mother that three might be a crowd, but she was so afraid their farmer might be embarrassed for lack of a right-sized buggy.

Mrs. Mackintosh was groaning with neuralgia the next morning.

"You'll have to go without me, Drusilla. I'll have to have that prescription filled again, and I want you to get a whole lot of books to read and some more candy; and be sure that they've got our address right, at the post office. Now, don't do anything rash, and hurry home!" She sank back exhausted.

It was about 6:30 when Drusilla saw Malone at the gate. He was in a light runabout with two prancing black horses. He had

on a broad-brimmed felt hat and a suit that looked to Drusilla exactly the style the men at home were wearing.

"Where's the third party?" he called as Drusilla came out alone.

"S-h!" warned Drusilla. "She's taken some asperin and is trying to sleep off her neuralgia until we get back with her medicine."

"Now isn't that too bad!" said Malone in a much sorrier tone than his eyes bespoke. He helped her in. "See? Here's where I was going to sit:" and he pulled a sort of narrow shelf out from under the middle of the seat.

"I was just wondering," said Drusilla.

Then they started on what was to both a wonderful ride. When they reached Topeka at 11 o'clock, they felt like congenial old friends. They ate dinner and bought the seeds; then Malone left Drusilla in the dry goods store while he went to telegraph his father about Ned's condition. For Ned had had another spell, just as Francis had feared.

By 1 o'clock Drusilla had finished her shopping and was waiting at the post office. She had just walked out to see if Mr. Malone were coming when she saw two men gazing curiously at her. She turned to walk back, but as she went she heard one say:

"She came in with that Malone that has fits—the one that lives on the hill."

"She oughtn't to risk that! Do you——"

Drusilla lost the rest of the sentence, but a horrible chill settled over her. Was it true? She had thought such a wonderful farmer strange! Suppose he should——

"Well, if you didn't get here first! All ready?" Malone called as he loaded her bundles into the back of the buggy, talking cheerily all the while.

Drusilla cast wildly about in her mind for some plan of escape. But there seemed none. There was positively no way of getting to her mother except this. She reproached herself with not having thrown herself upon the mercy of those two men she had overheard talking. But as she recalled their rough appearance, she felt safer now. Oh, it was too horrible! She could not appreciate the beauty of the surroundings.

Malone could not imagine what was the trouble. She had seemed so happy and spontaneous before, and now she was so self-conscious or embarrassed about something or other.

"Are you worried about your mother?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes—oh, that is—of course. Will we be home soon?" she queried.

"We've come about six miles," he answered.

"Nine miles more!" She sighed and sat upright in the seat, her fists clenched.

Malone strove to get her interested in something else. He talked of her little garden.

"I know of a little boy you can get to weed your garden when it needs it; only," he confided, "he has fits sometimes."

"I wouldn't think of such a thing!" said Drusilla emphatically.

"No? Well, of course, I'm sort of used to them, myself." He spoke as though she understood.

Drusilla gasped. How could he talk so?

"Do you feel sick, Miss Maekintosh? We can take this road to Farmer Lane's if you want to. Shall we?" He was filled with anxiety and started to turn the horses.

"No, oh, no, please! It's nothing. I'd rather hurry on home," she assured him.

So they drove on. Francis began to grow weary.

"Yes, it is pretty hot. I believe I feel tired, too." He mopped his brow and heaved a deep sigh.

"Horrors!" thought Drusilla. "He's worrying over me. It's a wonder if I don't precipitate him into one by my queerness!" She looked straight at him for the first time in their homeward drive.

"Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?" she asked, sympathetically.

Malone's cheeks reddened. What had made her ask that—did she think he was complaining about their trip? Then he spoke:

"If you'd sit back in the seat, unclench your fists and smooth out that wrinkle in your brow, I'd feel much easier."

With a supreme effort, Drusilla did as he suggested.

"Now," said Malone, "how can I make you more comfortable?"

The tears suddenly came into Drusilla's eyes.

"Make the horses run!" she implored.

Malone squared his jaw and reached for the whip. Then silence—a miserable silence—ensued, broken only by the sound of the hoofs of the galloping horses.

In about two hours they were home once more.

"I'll look at your garden while you see how your mother is,"

said Malone; he could not bear to leave until he had found out what was troubling her.

Mrs. Mackintosh was feeling much better, was even sitting up in her Morris chair, crocheting.

"Poor fellow!" thought Drusilla. "It must be dreadful to be that way. I must be kind to him."

She was almost to the garden before she saw him. He was stretched full length on his back, under the tree at the rear of the garden. It had come! She started to scream, then thought of her sick mother. She tried to remember her "College Emergencies." She dashed back to the kitchen, grabbed the bucketful of water, caught up a dish-towel as she rushed out, and ran pell-mell to poor Francis.

He raised his head and gazed wildly as he heard her rapid approach. But he was not quick enough and the very wildness of his look went against him.

Splash! went the bucketful of water onto his upturned face. Bling! She stuffed the dishcloth into his gaping mouth.

"Frank! Frank!" came a call from the other side of the fence. "For the land's sake, what are you two doing? Come out of it!" And a freckle-faced boy vaulted the fence, jerked the dishcloth out of the mouth of the person supposed to be having a fit, helped him up and slapped him on the back. "Ned's havin' a fit, you nut! Can't you understand? A fit! Worst one he's had yet! Beat it! Don't stand there like a dummy!" he fairly shrieked.

For Francis could only gaze at Drusilla. What possessed her? She had acted like a wild person. She seemed calmer now. Her mother was hurrying toward them, and, without stopping for explanation, he rushed to his brother's assistance. Could she have insane spells? Had it been the thought of one coming on that had made her so taciturn and anxious to reach home? Was it possible? Then all thoughts of her faded from his mind as he saw Ned's condition and began administering all the remedies he knew of.

It was twilight before he had gotten Ned resting easy. Then he set out across the field. Mrs. Mackintosh might need him if—if what he feared were true. As he was leaving, he met a tramp.

"Give me a bite to eat, Mister?" said the intruder.

"I'll give you a square meal," said Malone, "if you'll promise not to bother the people in that cottage over there. Sick girl, there."

"Sick, is she?" said Weary Willie, remembering his former experience at that cottage. "Crazy, I call it!" And he rubbed his arm tentatively.

Francis started off again, feeling no more cheerful because of the tramp's remarks.

Drusilla—a very humble, anxious Drusilla—saw him coming, and walked across the field to meet him. Francis had never seen anyone quite so lovely, he thought, as she appeared just now. His heart almost broke at the tragedy of her affliction.

"Mr. Malone, what must you think of me? Let me tell you: When I was waiting for you at the post office I overheard those two men sitting there, talking. And they said you had fits. I was nearly scared to death that you'd have one on that lonesome road home. Then, on the way—don't you remember?—you said you were used to fits? After we'd gotten here, and I saw you stretched out there, I never thought but that you had one. That was the nearest to the treatment I could remember. But when that boy spoke about your brother having a fit, it just began to dawn on me.—Don't you have fits, really?" she demanded.

"My, no! And you don't have insane spells, either? I couldn't think of anything else, and I met a tramp who was rubbing the muscles of his arms and declaring there was a 'crazy girl' here," Malone said in a relieved tone.

"Oh, I know why! Mamma was going to give him a meal free and I asked him to spade some for it," explained Drusilla.

"Isn't it lovely not to have fits," began Malone.

"Or to be crazy," interrupted Drusilla.

"Father's coming tomorrow to take care of Ned.—Oh, Drusilla——" There was a pleading catch in Malone's voice.

"Oh, Fr——" Drusilla started to mock back, then stopped.

"Go on, go on; say it!" he begged. "We're farmer neighbors and surely we've earned the right to each other's first names today, and more. Please!" He came nearer.

"Mother's coming!" Drusilla warned. "Francis!"

CYRUS DANIEL

*"A man severe he was and stern to view,
I knew him well and every truant knew."—B. C. Richardson.*

I am become a fool in glorying.—"Tickle" Richards.

To know her is to love her.—Helen Kauffman.

SATIRE

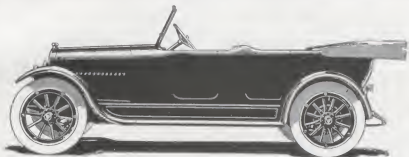


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NAME	Wants To Be	Probably Will Be	Favorite Pastime	Distinguishing Trait	Chief Worry
Joe Dromgoole	Great Orator	Street Squawker	Dancing	Big Mouth	Dorothy Horton.
Morris Mayford	Teacher	Preacher	Eating	Grin	His "Deef."
Lazell Kessinger	Famous Musician	Dairy Maid	Hair Dressing	Brilliancy (?)	Her Curly.
James Parker	College Professor	Straw Boss	Talking	Long Speeches	Grades.
Faye Davis	Suffragette Orator	Old Maid	Movies	Complexion	Frocks.
Harry Schaefer	Ragtime Pianist	Unsuccessful	Shoveling Coal	Freckles	Himself.
Frank Dodge	Funeral Director	Undertaker	Football	Walk	Girls.
Warren Tipton	Oil Magnate	Water Boy	Playing Pool	Smile (?)	Autos.
Helen Kaufman	Fashion Plate	Cloak Model	Dancing	Whispering	New Dances.
Adeline Gill	Movie Actress	Ticket Seller	Movies	Ears	Latest Head Gear.
William Kolb	Cartoonist	Bill Poster	Singing	Red Hair	"Retta."
Henry Lenhardt	A "Chas. Chaplin"	Penitentiary Chaplain	Hobnobbing	Face	Being Funny
Melba Green	College Lassie	Married Soon	Basketball	Height	Broken Engagements.
Eleanor Rice	Pretty Stenographer	Librarian	Doping	Blue Eyes	Church.
Harry Trout	Circus Clown	Banker (Clay)	Fussing	Hands	New Suits.
Richard Clayton	Big Leaguer	Bat Boy	Baseball	Feet	A Trout.
Arthur Schmoeller	A Lawyer	Liar	Dancing	"Tatler"	Hair.
Robert Kelsey	Agriculturist	Garlic Raiser	Tennis (?)	Awkwardness	"Spees"
Ross Sherwood	Mechanic	Maniac	Playing Horse	"Face"	Alice Holton.
Charles Forbes	Coffee Magnate	Peanut Vender	Writing Notes	Hose	A Girl.
Velma Deeds	Married Soon!	Disappointed	Getting a Date	Face	Finding the Man.
William La Mothe	Druggist	Poisoned	Mixing Drinks	Neck	\$
Harriet Rumsey	Female Paderewski	Organ Grinder	Primping	Dutch Collar	Nothing.
Sam Lindley	Politician	Nothing	Flirting with Girls	Blush	Alice Nixon.
Wilfred Gates	Ladies' Man (?)	A Gardener	Looking for Pens	Har! Har!	Will she bedown \$1000.
Ray Bratfish	Artist	Kalsominer	Skating	Bashfulness	Drawing.
John Dressler	"Dorm" Matron	Retired Farmer	Entertaining (?) others.	Straight Hair	Cows and Chickens.
Loretta Holl	Chorus Girl	A Police Matron	Acting Dignified	Quietness	A Fellow.
Marion Busse	Barker for Circus	Weary Willie	Getting into Trouble	Stupidness (?)	"Little One."
Edward Meriwether	Artist's Model	Joke	Oh! Anything	"Beef"	"Push."
Edna McClure	Popular	Disliked	Talking	Walk	Shoes.
Thelma Steck	Just a Girl	Pretty	Dancing	Eyes	Complexion.
Dorothy Ewan	Good	"Naughty"	Studying	Powder	Bert Russell.
Georgia Patterson	Popular	Married Soon	Singing (?)	Smile	"Jack."



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PHUSSER'S PHULISH PILLUSOFY.

There's nuthin' worsen'n a phusser. We'd jest as leaf or leaver be a stage lover as to love a gurl at skuul.

Archy Bawldup my frend sez to me, "Less git us a girul tonite at skuul." "Norsiree!" xclaims we, "we never yet jumped to that bush league." Sez Archy, "Cmon you can have a fine time. Make a date and bee a sport!" Yes we got wreckless and desided to bee a regeler sp-nort, so we went two the telemfoam to times 2 look up the no, and we wuz so nervyous that we didn't have nerve nuff to look the mouthpiece in the face. Then Archy who had excited cum in again and sez "wattsmatier Fig aintcha done it yet?" and sez we "no knott yet butt we feel ourself slippin." So as then we went 2 our housekeeper and got a home made muster plaster so as 2 muster up enuff courage to call up thet there girul. From then on things happened fast. They had to happen fast cause we'd got a sure hot box if we'd stop't to give thet there plaster a breathin spell. Well we finly called up and Mrs. Williums called down the girul we wanted and then what we sez we don't reconlect only that we ast fer a date and she said sure with an xclamashun mark after it so we should worry what else she sez. We then hung up as is the usual custom feelin as tho we'd signed an aliby-hek.

Well 4 we noad it evening wuz hear and we wuz gittin nervyous again. We felt the need of another muster plaster but took a bath instede. After a short time possibly to hrs we wuz ready for the debutt and partook of a little xerseize buy walkin around the block several times until we saw ampel commoshun inside the dorm 2 certify that sombody wuz up and spectin sumthing. We then went up and nocked and wuz greeted at the doar buy a girul that could read minds fer she new jest who we wanted without no tellin her. It beats us how she does it but she do.

Well you no we went into the lobby and waited on the girul near on 2 hrs it seamed butt guess it werent. Well you no she cum down them stares all dressed up with a scarf over her head and it reminded us of thet queen cumin down stares in thet Queen

Quality advertyesment. She beln so queently like pert near made us take off our coat and let her put her big ft on it like Sir Rowlee did onct. After she had landed on the mane floor we hesitated—and then we thot of the "no hesitashun" rule at the dorm so we up and sez, "Less go to the Habit or the "Hip." You see we had 2 go sum place cause we new that the only ones thet staid at the dorm on Fri. nite wuz the ones thet had got so fer along in ther a tensions thet the girul didn't want to go no place norn as how she did thet he was savin his money fer thet happy day thet wood cum as soon as he wuz out of a graduashun—butt the which probably wood never cum. At least its a savin stunt if you can get buy with it.

Stung.

In the darkness last night I met her
And from her took a kiss,
And the sweetness of the nectar
O'er swept my soul with bliss.
But today I have a feeling,
A taste that's clear and keen,
And it tells me that the nectar
Was cold cream and glycerine.

"WITTY WONES."

New Scholar—"Beg pardon. Could you tell me where I could find someone in authority?"

Bill Munger—"What can I do for you?"

Teacher, to Smart Seniors: "Some students desire to go to college to be able to spend pa's 'dough.' They 'loaf' around for four years and come out college 'bread.'"

First Premise—War is H—

Second Premise—There is no H—

Conclusion—They must be playing tiddle-de-winks in Europe.

We sat looking out of our window
when A Long Came A Dog. We looked again —

Doggone.

"Alton should do good in the hurdles this year."

"Why so?"

"It's leap year."



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LOOK back over the past years and ask yourself what other Engraving Institution, specializing in college annuals, has wielded so wide an Influence over the College Annual Field?

Ask yourself if College and University Annuals are not better today because of BUREAU PROGRESSIVENESS and BUREAU INITIATIVE?

You know that the BUREAU OF ENGRAVING, Inc. inaugurated the system of Closer Co-operation with college annual boards in planning and constructing books from cover to cover.

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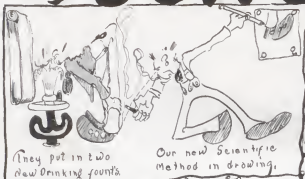
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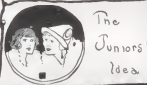
The Guy which takes our pictures.



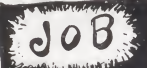
The Freshmen's view of the Happy Hunting Grounds



The Sophomore's His View



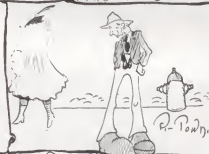
The Juniors Idea



And the Seniors



The faculty had a meeting.

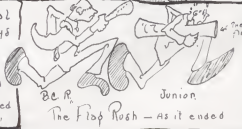


R-Body



Our Manual training boys

A fall in beef is prophesied shortly.



B.E.R.

Junior

The Flop Rush - As it ended

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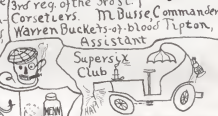
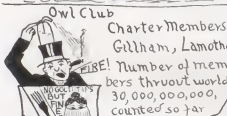
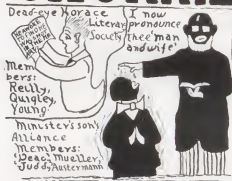
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ATHLETICS

In the "GYM"



The Girls
have a Basketball Game.



Forward-March!



What they did in the Granite City Game



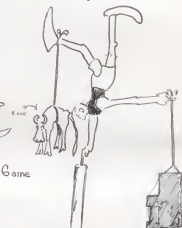
4:00 AM

They treated "Dere"
rough at the Tournament.

Ray Bratfelter.



Capt Jerseyburg
Basket Ball Team



Them Stout "Gym Boys."



They call this of out
in Granite City.

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*A few "Rush" Cuts for
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REVIEW

How High School
changes personal
appearance.
For Instance.

William Zoolfethe
on his arrival from
West Alton



As we
see him
returning.



We also have one
of them there
tailors in our midst



The Minstrel was a
grand success. the fact
was that only 7 guys
died of cabbage, eggs
and so forth.

Longevity



Those smart A. H. S. Dressers



Drama



How little Roy
Fredrickson
looked after those
bad boys put him
under the shower



This won the Beauty contest
but we gave it to Roy



This won the Popularity
contest outside. got it

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A sip of it, a cup of it,
'Tis hard to get enough of it.

FORBES COFFEE



NOW as the TATLER has gone to press, we take this opportunity to thank our many friends to whom we feel indebted: to all of the members of the Faculty, and especially Prof. B. C. Richardson, without whose assistance this book would have been impossible; to the several committees for their faithful work; and finally to the various firms with whom we have done business.

We are further indebted to the progressive business men who so willingly aided us financially in our advertising section.

This book could not be called complete without a word of thanks to Ray Bratfisch, whose art work and cartooning have assisted materially in raising the standard of the Tatler.

The Tatler Board of '16 was forced to face conditions which have never before arisen. They are due, in all probability, to the abnormal condition of the business world, but to what extent we have surmounted these obstacles we leave to our readers.

The End.



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